

THE ART AMATEUR MONTHLY JOURNAL
DEVOTED TO THE CULTIVATION OF
ART IN THE HOUSEHOLD

VOL. XII.—No. 3.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY, 1885.

Price 35 Cents.
With 10-page Supplement.



"IN THE CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK." A FRAGMENT. BY JAN CHELMINSKI.

DRAWN BY THE ARTIST FROM HIS PAINTING EXHIBITED AT THE LOTOS CLUB.

[Copyright by Montague Marks, 1885.]

BASTIEN-LEPAGE.

BASTIEN-LEPAGE died in Paris on the tenth of December, after long suffering from an incurable disease.

Jules Bastien he was originally called—Lepage was the name of his mother. He was born at Damvilliers, in the department of the Meuse, in 1848. His father was a village cooper, and the family was by no means in easy circumstances. After receiving a simple schooling in Verdun, Jules Bastien became a post-office clerk; but he had already given proof of his artistic tastes, and, while working in the post-office at Paris, he drew hats and dresses for a fashion journal. Finally the town of Verdun voted him a pension of a few hundred francs a year, which enabled him to enter the École des Beaux Arts and the studio of M. Cabanel. In 1872 he competed for the Prix de Rome. The subject was the angel announcing to the shepherds of Bethlehem the birth of the Saviour. The young artist treated the subject in an artless and realistic manner. A very human-looking angel, clad in white, with a massive aureole, is seen talking to some rough men, dressed in skins of beasts, who open eyes of wonderment at the story. The work was remarkable, and, although its realism shocked some members of the academic jury, and caused strong division of opinion, its author would certainly have obtained the Grand Prix de Rome had not his only serious rival, M. Léon Comerre, attained the limit of age. The grand prize was therefore given to M. Comerre, and a second grand prix to Bastien-Lepage. In 1873 he exhibited at the Salon a picture of "Spring;" in 1874, the portrait of his grandfather, which brought him into notice as a realist and a masterly painter; in 1876, "La Communiant" and a portrait of M. Wallon; in 1877, a portrait and "Mes Parents;" in 1878, "Les Foins" and a portrait of M. André Theuriot; in 1879, "Potato Gathering" and a portrait of Sarah Bernhardt; in 1880, "Jeanne d'Arc" and portrait of M. Andrieux; in 1881, a "Beggar" and portrait of M. Albert Wolff; in 1882, a portrait and "Père Jacques;" in 1883, "The Village Lovers;" and in 1884, "The Forge," a work executed some years ago. Besides these pictures he painted many portraits, among others that of the Prince of Wales; and during a visit to London he made several studies, which were exhibited a few years ago in the gallery of the Rue de Sèze. In 1874 and 1875 he obtained respectively a third- and a second-class medal at the Salon; at the Exhibition of 1878 a third-class medal, and in 1879 the Cross of the Legion of Honor.

Bastien-Lepage has left portraits which are veritable masterpieces, especially that of M. Albert Wolff. His manner of painting is of extreme delicacy and fineness, erudite, careful and conscientious. His portraits have the sincerity and the perfect execution of some of the best work of the primitive Italian artists, and the patient observation of the Dutch masters. In his pictures of rustic life Bastien-Lepage was a realist without being a poet; he gave all the coarse and painful reality of peasant life, but without the grandeur, the poetry and the idealism of style which Millet put into his pictures. He had no imagination, as he showed notably in his "Jeanne d'Arc," the central figure of which is incomplete and vulgar in sentiment. He did not realize the fact that the character of reality and simplicity of position and attitude do not exclude poetry and even sublimity. Indeed, we can not recognize in Bastien-Lepage all the high qualities some of his enthusiastic French critics attribute to him; nor can we admit that he exercised an important influence on contemporary French painting. On the other hand, we are lost in admiration of his marvellous execution and of his precious qualities as a draughtsman and a colorist.

As a man, Bastien-Lepage lived a most exemplary life, devoted entirely to the love of his family and the love of his art. M. André Theuriot, his friend and countryman, has made an interesting study of him under the name of "Primitif," in his volume called "Sous Bois." Being accustomed to poverty from infancy, the young painter had no wants, and did not know what privation meant. Hence he was able from the beginning to demand high prices for his work. On this point he used to relate an anecdote. After the success of his "Communiant" at the Salon of 1876, M. Hayem, a Parisian amateur, came and asked the price. "Three hundred dollars," was the reply. The amateur hesitated and went away, to return six months afterward. "Now," said the artist, "the price is \$500, and next year it will be double." M. Hayem did not conclude the bargain, and shortly afterward

a Dutch amateur paid \$3600 for the picture. The Parisians praised Bastien-Lepage more liberally than they spent money on his pictures, and so he leaves in his studio his large Salon pictures, "Les Foins" and the "Potato Gatherer," together with several landscapes, water-colors and studies of all kinds.

There is to be an exhibition and sale, at the gallery in the Rue de Sèze, of the pictures and studies left by the artist. Mr. Erwin Davis, one of our most discriminating American collectors, who owns the "Joan of Arc"—well known to New York and Boston, and considered by many Bastien-Lepage's best work—has generously offered to send it to Paris and have it returned at his own expense. The Custom authorities, it is to be hoped, will see their way to permit Mr. Davis to re-import the picture without paying the barbarous thirty per cent duty a second time.

My Note Book.

Leonato.—Are these things spoken, or do I but dream?

Don John.—Sir, they are spoken, and these things are true.

Much Ado About Nothing.

DURING the past month there has been no lack of picture exhibitions. Indeed, what with the successive displays at the American Art Galleries, the "black-and-white" of the Salmagundians and the Artists' Fund Society at the Academy of Design, and the exhibitions at the Lotos and Union League Clubs, it cannot be said that the art interest in New York is on the wane. The Salmagundi exhibition was very creditable, the carping remarks of some newspaper critics to the contrary, notwithstanding. Can these gentlemen name any other city here, or in Europe, which makes such a good showing as this club does year after year? Fault is found that there is a great many book and magazine illustrations, the reproductions of which are familiar to the public; but how otherwise could the wall space be decently filled? Certainly, there is no considerable market for original works in monochrome. At a much-advertised black-and-white exhibition in the Egyptian Hall, in London, two or three years ago, there was hardly anything *but* book and magazine pictures; and I have not heard that the exhibition was successful enough to warrant repetitions of the kind.

AMONG the original works at the Salmagundi display may be noted Charles Osborne's figure of Orpheus, overwhelmed by the second loss of Eurydice—an excellent study from life; some old men's heads, by J. J. Hammer; delightful drawings of children's heads, by Lisa Stillman; a powerful charcoal study of fisher boats on a long ocean swell, by George W. Edwards; and head studies, by Mrs. Fowler, F. W. Freer, and Albert Abendshein. W. A. Coffin sent an attractive head of a girl, and "An August Night in New York," a clever bit of impressionism seized on the roof garden of the Casino. But I saw nothing more pleasing or more appropriate in such an exhibition than the simple pencil drawing, "The Law," a seated female figure, by J. Carroll Beckwith. This clever artist has so many admirers among the students that some of them, seeing what he can do with it, may be tempted to take up once more that good old-fashioned implement, the lead-pencil, which, in this country, is now so generally neglected in favor of the charcoal and the crayon, that there is some danger that it may, before long, become as obsolete as the silver-point of the old masters. Among the landscape contributors must be named Bruce Crane, R. C. Minor, Van Elten, Walter L. Palmer, W. H. Gibson, C. H. and C. W. Eaton, W. H. Gibson, and Mazzanovich, and among the marine artists, Harry Chase, J. C. Nicoll, and F. K. N. Rehn. An oddity in the hanging was the placing side by side the sheep of Monks, Volkmar, and Walker, to the decided advantage, be it said, of Mr. Monks. Mr. Volkmar's drawing is getting more and more mannered; his sheep here are flattened out as if they had just come from the press. Mr. Walker's sheep spoil a meritorious landscape.

AMONG the few pieces of sculpture, nothing was so much admired as the bronze bas-relief of a child with a hoop, lovingly modelled by his mother, Mary B. Alden. The lady was formerly a pupil of Louis St. Gaudens, and had that clever sculptor signed this charming panel himself it would do him no discredit. Mrs. Alden is

comparatively unknown as an exhibitor; but if she continues to produce such good work as this, her friends need have no anxiety as to her artistic future. It would be well, however, if she would follow somewhat less closely the methods—I was about to write mannerisms—of her master.

THE collection of paintings, sketches and studies at the galleries of the American Art Association, so far as the woman's share in it goes—and the share is considerable—is noticed in another part of the magazine. A separate article is devoted to Mr. Edwards and his exhibition, and the very interesting drawings by Elihu Vedder for Houghton, Mifflin & Co.'s sumptuously printed and illustrated "Omar Khayyam" were noticed when first exhibited in Boston. Among the pictures in oil there was nothing better than William Bliss Baker's unpretentious little canvas, "First Fall of Snow," a sunset in the woods, a delightfully frank bit of out-door painting. It was generally admired, and the artist may expect many commissions for similar pictures; but the fortunate owner of this fresh and truthful excerpt from nature may rest happy in the belief that, while Mr. Baker may equal this work, he will not surpass it.

"TWENTY MINUTES FOR REFRESHMENTS" is a capital Bavarian street scene, by Richard Koehler, showing a laborer and his wife enjoying together the noon-day meal. Moses Wight's "A Surprise" tells an amusing story of a good-looking artist caught by his wife in the act of kissing his pretty model. "Study of a Daisy" is the humorous title given by Thomas Hovenden to an excellent head of a grinning darkey youth—presumably the "daisy," although the double-entendre is maintained by a diminutive specimen of that flower in the lapel of his coat. A very good bit of genre, too, is J. G. Brown's "Short," a youthful vendor of bananas anxiously counting over some change in his hand. The boy is the familiar "street Arab" of the artist. I found Mr. Brown in his studio lately, affectionately touching up an old painting by him of an Italian street musician. He sighed; for those picturesque little models who used to shock the tympanum and arouse our compassion by their poor music and perfunctory capers are no longer seen in the city. The cruel padrone who import them have reason now to give New York a wide berth, and their wretched little slaves must sing and dance elsewhere. Leon and Percy Moran charm as usual by their graceful drawing and clever technique. This exhibition was weak in portraiture but strong in landscape, in which latter class of subject the work of Bruce Crane, J. F. Murphy, C. H. and C. W. Eaton, R. C. Minor, and the Smillies deserves particular mention. F. W. Kost, Mr. Macy's clever pupil, seems to have lost rather than gained in strength by his study abroad. Thomas Moran's "Off East Hampton, Long Island" is a masterly study of wave motion—"The floods raise up their voice; the floods raise high their breakers." In interesting contrast, the picture hangs next to "Crépuscule," Alexander Harrison's delightful marine painting noticed in these columns last month.

THE pictures painted for the Artists' Fund Society, and sold at the Academy of Design in the middle of January, showed a higher average of excellence than usual. Ernest Parton—who, by the way, is now in New York—was represented by some charmingly fresh bits of English woodland and meadow scenery; Winslow Homer by several vigorous sketches of English sea-coast life; Wordsworth Thompson had a variety of canvases of Oriental deserts and Bedouins, quite in the Fromentin vein, and Frank Fowler, without going to the East at all, sent an excellently painted "Head of an Arab." Harry Chase sent, among other pictures, "Dutch Barges," in his best vein, saving a rather slovenly sky; Thomas Hovenden "Old Friends" and "Hurrah," capital bits of negro character painting, and in the same line Douglas Volk had in "Contentment" a good study of the head of a mulatto woman. Most of the favorite artists were more or less creditably represented, and all of the bad ones—who appear on this annual occasion without fear of hanging committees—more or less discredibly. But in the sacred cause of charity, the latter shall be nameless.

AN excellent collection of pictures at the opening art exhibition of the season at the Lotos Club included the works of Chelminski, the Polish artist, painted in this country; several examples of Escosura, who is now in

America; an admirable Boughton, "The Last Minstrel,"—a pretty English girl, set in a winter scene, holding a bird's-nest—very sweet in color (lent by Knoedler); excellent examples of Robie, Kaemmerer, Passini, Piot, Grison and Bagniet. American art was largely represented by portraits, including work by W. M. Chase, Robert J. Hardie, J. Carroll Beckwith, Dora Wheeler and Frances Richards. The occasion was made especially noteworthy by the presentation, on behalf of Mr. Felix Moscheles, of an excellent portrait by him of Mr. F. R. Lawrence, second vice-president of the club, and the announcement that Mr. Chelminski was about to give the club an equestrian portrait of General Horace Porter, its first vice-president. The latter, during the war, was chief of staff of General Grant, and will be painted in uniform. Hubert Herkomer, it may be remembered, last year painted and presented to the club a portrait of the president, Mr. Whitelaw Reid.

THE very efficient Art Committee of the Union League Club, just retired, went out of office in a blaze of glory. The annual exhibition of paintings was remarkably good, including choice examples of a wide variety of schools, ranging from Millet and Rousseau to Bouguereau and Carolus Duran. Mr. Brayton Ives contributed the superb Rousseau, "Plain near Barbizon," a small canvas, but almost a panorama in the extent of the view portrayed, and yet, while full of detail, broadly painted. The atmosphere is wonderfully rendered, softening with consummate skill a well-defined and marvellously beautiful sky-line. One could best appreciate the subtle power of this greatest master of landscape by turning from the picture to one by E. Sanchez-Perrier on the opposite wall. The latter artist, skilful to a wonderful degree in rendering atmosphere, imparts to his work something of the mechanical look of a photograph—enhanced, by the way, in this case, by covering the picture with glass—which is to be seen sometimes even in the work of Rico. No such comment could be made on the pictures of Rousseau; for the reality of the landscape before him is so sublimated by his own poetical conception of it that his record of the scene is lifted high above the mere cold photographic reality. The famous painting by Millet, "A Shepherdess Knitting," was lent by Mr. Albert Spencer. There was an exquisite Fortuny, "The Bazaar," representing in a few inches of space four human figures and a patient donkey, each finished with almost miniature-like accuracy, and yet indicating the breadth and reserve power of the master. Mrs. J. C. Ayer lent a charming Daubigny, "After the Rain—Morning;" Mr. Brayton Ives a luscious Diaz—"Crowned by Love"—of the period in the life of the artist when he took pains with his drawing; Knoedler & Co., among several valuable pictures, a fine Fontainebleau landscape by the same painter; Mr. S. P. Avery a characteristic Henner, "The Bather," and Mr. Buchanan, another, an auburn-haired female head, catalogued "Mary Magdalen," but not to be confounded with the superb Henner of that name—representing a full-length crouching figure—owned by a lady in this city.

KAEMMERER'S excellent "L'Invitation au Patinage," illustrated in colors in a recent number of Figaro, was lent by Mr. L. Crist Delmonico, who also contributed Bouguereau's "La Pauvrete" and "A Daughter of the Soil," a characteristic Boughton. The "Honorius," by J. P. Laurens, owned by Mr. D. O. Mills, presents the full-length figure of the wretched boy-emperor of Rome from whose weak hands the Goths were soon to wrest the orb and sceptre he holds so listlessly. A vigorous landscape sketch by Barye, lent by Mr. Cyrus J. Lawrence—the active secretary of the Art Committee, to whom the Union League Club has owed much of the success of its exhibitions—is one of the two examples in oil known in this country of the work of the great sculptor.

THE earnest little band of workers who call themselves "The Gotham Art Students" had a delightful social gathering, in January, at their picturesque rooms in Bond Street, where they meet once a week to draw from the living model. An interesting collection of paintings and studies was contributed for the occasion by some of our best artists, many of whom were present in token of their practical sympathy with the efforts of these promising young Gothamites.

AN admirable series of portraits, after the famous collection by Holbein in Windsor Castle, is running through the pages of L'Art; but the titles are given with the

usual erratic typography of our Gallic brethren when they have to do with anything English. We find, for instance, portraits of "Thomas Morus, Lord Chancellor" and "John More, fils de Sir Thomas Morus."

THE newspapers making fun of Mrs. Caroline Brooks for continuing to model her statuary in butter should reflect how much better off New York would be, artistically, if three fourths of its public sculptures had been made of the same perishable material.

IT is becoming difficult to take up a newspaper without reading how some great work of art by an "old master" has just been found in a neighboring junk shop, or in the dust-bin, or garret of the home of the discoverer. I can call to mind reading, within a few days, how a certain German reciter of Shakespeare came upon a valuable Rembrandt in a Southern town; how a New York artist found a Claude Lorraine; and now we are told that Mr. Blaine has a picture in his Washington house which he believes to be a Rubens, because, "looking at prints in an old print shop, he found an engraving of this very picture, and learned that Rubens had painted the original." It does not seem to have occurred to him that the works of Rubens for centuries have been copied and re-copied, and that the chances are far less that his picture is the original than one of these numerous copies.

OF course, now and then there is a valuable "find," as in the case of Mr. Thomas Moran's "Conway Castle," which, in all probability, is a valuable "Turner," unlike those much-talked of "Turners" recently found at Exeter, England, by a barber who foolishly refused \$7500 for them, and which are now recognized as the inferior work of an artist named Lewis. Another genuinely valuable "find," not generally known, is that of Mr. Theodore Hellman, of this city, who secured for a few hundred dollars, at a sale in New Orleans, a very fine Brueghel, which, doubtless, would be cheap at as many thousands to any foreign museum wanting a good specimen of the work of the great Antwerp painter.

MY Paris correspondent writes that Rosa Bonheur's last painting, a cattle scene in the Pyrenees, has been offered to a New York dealer for \$12,000.

A GOOD story comes from Paris about that illustrious painter, Jehan George Vibert, whose work Americans esteem so highly. This summer a New York dealer, who does a large business with M. Vibert, having called at his studio and given his orders, said: "But you see, M. Vibert, we still have this execrable tax of thirty per cent to pay, and as I, on my side, continue my orders, I think you, on your part, ought to reduce your prices thirty per cent until the tax is abolished." "Mon cher monsieur," replied M. Vibert, "your demand is perfectly just. I had anticipated it, and as I have determined to raise my prices thirty per cent, I allow you to pay me the old prices. Nous sommes d'accord."

AMONG the works left by Gustave Doré are about one hundred finished plates and innumerable sketches and studies for the illustration of Shakespeare. Doré spent some \$60,000 on the preparation of this series, which he intended to make his masterpiece in book illustration. The plates were engraved under his superintendence, and those that did not please him he sacrificed without hesitation. It was his great wish to have his Shakespeare brought out in London, and with this view he refused tempting offers from American publishers, including one from Harper & Brothers. Unfortunately, he died before completing two thirds of the series.

MRS. JOHN SHERWOOD, a well-known literary lady of society, has sat for her portrait to Mr. Stephen Parker and to Mr. Eliot Gregory. Both pictures will probably be exhibited in New York this spring.

THE recent "Ferdinand Ward sale" of pictures was not altogether creditable to those connected with it. The auctioneers—with the consent of the assignee, I am told on good authority—put into the sale a quantity of other paintings—about one third of the whole number, indeed. Mr. Ward's pictures were largely rubbish, the sort that a rich man without much taste would be likely to buy; but the stuff that was added to the collection was, for the most part, much worse. The "Corot," which sold for about \$400, ought not to have deceived any one. There was a poor example of Kaemmerer and a worse

Cazanova. Gabriel Max's "Raising of Jairus' Daughter"—including the carefully painted fly on the young woman's arm—was sold to a gentleman who, not inappropriately, presented it to the Presbyterian Hospital, although he would have done better still had he sent it to The Morgue.

A YOUNG lady, related to a distinguished miniature painter long since dead, sent specimens of her work in water-colors to an "art stationer" in New York, with a request for commissions. He generously engaged her to paint fancy heads for menu cards at the rate of \$3 per dozen. The work was beautifully done, with all the nicety and delicacy of finish she had learned from careful study of her kinsman's miniatures. By accident the lady learned that her employer was selling her cards for \$3 each. This was while she was engaged on a large order just received from him. At the suggestion of a friend, she wrote to him that she could not do the cards for less than \$3 each. The reply came back: "All right—go ahead with them." The young lady will soon enter the gates of Hymen, and probably the last cards she will paint will be for her own wedding breakfast.

A VERY poor wood-cut, representing a view in the Berkshire Hills, by "Elbridge Kingsley, artist engraver," has been issued as an advertisement by an insurance company. The foreground in particular is bad, both in drawing and engraving. It is singular that Mr. Kingsley should risk his excellent reputation by lending his name to such work.

A QUEER story comes to me from Paris. A commission agent named D. made a bargain with a poor painter, living out at Saint-Maudé, to paint military subjects for him, at two francs an hour. The agent changed the signature to that of Gaubault, and sold the pictures to various dealers. One day, by chance, the poor painter came to Paris, went to the Salon, and was astonished to see one of his pictures there. He looked at the catalogue, and found the name of the artist and the address of the dealer where he was to be found. The poor artist went to the dealer and introduced himself, saying, "I am Gaubault." "Most happy to make your acquaintance," replied the dealer. "Your pictures sell very well, and I have been wanting to see you for the last six years." "But my name is not Gaubault, it is Beauquesne." Explanations followed. The dishonest commission agent disappeared; and Beauquesne restored his real signature on the pictures, which had made his pseudonym almost famous. During the past three years M. Wilfrid Constant Beauquesne, pupil of Horace Vernet, has exhibited at the Salon under his own name.

THE painter, J. F. Raffaelli, has been developing recently, in a Paris contemporary, the idea of a museum of photographs of famous paintings, to be placed in The Louvre. These he proposes to arrange by schools and by the artists' names in large albums, to be free to the public, and in the albums, opposite each photograph, he would place a brief history of the picture in question. By this means, it would be possible, in time, to collect photographs of all the famous pictures in the world. The idea is excellent, and whether it be carried out or not in France, we might well act upon it in this country. Let some public-spirited gentleman give—to the Metropolitan Museum, say—a few thousand dollars to buy photographs of the collection of the Louvre, the National Gallery, the Museums of Berlin, Munich, Dresden, Madrid and St. Petersburg, and he will be doing a real service to art in America.

THEN, if he wishes to be still more munificent, let him found a museum of casts of the famous sculpture of the world and of all the fine architectural ornament. The materials are ready; all that is needed is some one to take the initiative to collect them and classify them.

MR. THEODORE BAUER has made a dainty plaster sketch of a Bacchante receiving grapes and wine from a group of cupids. The blocking of the composition is so clever and the initial modelling so promising, that it is to be hoped the sculptor means to carry out the idea to completion.

THE Hallgarten-Harper Art Scholarship, entitling the holder to \$500, the estimated cost of a year's living and study in one of the art centres in Europe, was won by Ernest L. Major, of Washington, a student of the Art

Student's League, and on the evening of January 7th, a certificate to that effect was duly handed to him, with appropriate ceremonies, including addresses by Professors Felix Adler and W. J. Stillman, and Messrs. Chase, Millet, and Beckwith. The sum at the disposal of the trustees is only \$15,000, which is not enough to enable them to carry out fully the purposes of the founders. An appeal is made for further contributions, and it is to be hoped that it will meet with a generous response. The Red Star Line of Transatlantic steamers, by the way—already on excellent terms with our artists—has kindly offered to each beneficiary of the scholarship a free cabin passage to Europe and back.

* * *

KNOWING that Henry Irving is very strict in enforcing the rule against allowing strangers to be present during rehearsals, I was surprised to see in The New York Herald recently a full and graphic account of a rehearsal of "The Lyons Mail" at the Star Theatre. The reporter explains, however, that he was there "secretly." The incident recalls an amusing experience Mr. Irving narrated to me, last winter, as having happened to him "out West." Early in a rehearsal, a reporter of a local paper was discovered at the "wings," and was firmly but courteously requested to leave. He did; but, nevertheless, on the following day his journal published a full account of the rehearsal. It was so absurd that Mr. Irving found it worth while to denounce it. Upon this a reporter of a rival journal called upon him, expressed his sympathy, and offered to put everything right if he might be allowed to attend a rehearsal and, through his paper, "give a true account." He was told that was out of the question.

* * *

"BUT, I'll tell you what I'll do," said Mr. Irving; "I'll let you know just what we do at a rehearsal." "Thank you very much," said the reporter, and he took out his pencil and note-book. "Well, in the first place, we have classes." "Classes?" echoed the reporter. "Yes. Various classes. Classes for walking; classes for pronunciation, and so forth. I attend some of them myself—principally the walking and the pronouncing classes. None of us, you know, are ever too old to learn. Now, some of the papers have criticised my walking, and I am taking lessons, so as to improve my gait." "Really!" gasped the journalist. "And what is 'the pronouncing class'?" "Oh, that," said Mr. Irving, "is one we all attend. We are cockneys, you know, and of course misplace our aitches—the best of us do it. The instructor of the class, I tell you, is kept pretty busy sometimes. He will say, for instance, 'Mr. Irving, excuse me, but I think you dropped your aitch again. "H-ecuba," "H-ecuba," not "Ecuba." Thank you, that's better.' I think you'll find we are all much improved since your papers pointed out our defects in pronunciation." And so he went on. The journalist took it all down, and next day seriously reported everything as it was told him.

* * *

RECENTLY I commented on a paragraph going the rounds of the press, called "the romance of a picture," to the effect that a painting by a Mrs. Fassett, which was supposed to have been lost during proceedings for debt against her husband and herself, was stolen by friends and hidden until the proceedings were adjusted or discontinued. As a work of art, the picture is absolutely worthless, and the stealing of it seemed to me at the time a very venial offence. But now it appears it was sequestered for a purpose; for I read in The Sun that Senator Sherman asks Congress to buy it for \$15,000, and he also asks that the government shall pay a Mrs. Ransom—another artist unknown to fame—\$10,000 for a portrait she has painted of General Thomas. A few weeks ago The World reported that it was proposed to buy—for \$20,000, if I remember aright—a quantity of etched plates, by another unknown, of scenes and incidents of the civil war, although the government already possesses a full set of proof impressions of the same. Such reckless jobbery—it can be called by no other name—is unspeakably disgraceful in view of the crass ignorance of our national legislators who tax heavily all imported paintings, while doing nothing whatever to encourage native talent. Shall we never have in the councils of the nation even an active minority of cultivated gentlemen, who, appreciating the need of an æsthetic leaven in this most philistine of peoples, will deliver us from the soulless, sordid politician? Will our Congress never rise above the vulgar level of a local Board of Aldermen?

MONTEZUMA.

Dramatic Feuilleton.

Hamlet.—Good, my lord, will you see the players well bestowed?
Polonius.—My lord, I will use them according to their desert.

Hamlet.

JAMES DUFF, who brought the old Standard Theatre its first success in "Pinafore," secured the lease of the new Standard, and he solemnly devotes the house to opera comique. It is to be, in effect, a rival of the Casino, and Rudolph Aronson has anything but a pleasant prospect with Col. McCaull's engagement nearing its close, and the enterprising competition of the new theatre.

"A Trip to Africa" was a success, on the first night, because of its gorgeous costumes and scenery and light, waltz music. The libretto is very dull and dreary, and should have been re-written for New York, after being tested through the provinces. But the idea seems to be that everybody must come to see the new house, and the entertainment will be improved when the novelty of the theatre has worn off.

Col. McCaull promptly replied to the opening move of the new Standard by producing "Apajune, the Water Nymph," at the Casino with even more gorgeousness and lavishness. The establishment of two permanent opera comique houses in New York is a sign of the times not to pass without notice.

* * *

LAST month was memorable for two other theatrical changes. The Third Avenue Theatre was handed over to the Germans; re-christened the Apollo, and opened under the management of Herr Neuendorf, with Magda Irschick as his star. I have before spoken of the Third Avenue as a superfluous theatre, and this disposition of it shows that my prophetic faculty has not waned.

The Rankins, who tried in vain to conduct the Third Avenue, were offered a complimentary benefit to cover some of their losses. I am afraid that Herr Neuendorf will soon need a complimentary benefit also. A clever man, he always gets ahead of his public. He gave us farces, years ago, before the mania for farces began; he was just in advance of the times with light operas, and now he presents Magda Irschick to a public who prefer to go down to the Thalia and hear "Nanon," another brilliant bouffe opera.

The other change was the sudden destruction by fire of the Theatre Comique and the transfer of Harrigan and Hart to the Park Theatre. The Comique was considered fire-proof; it was totally destroyed in half an hour. The managers were not insured, and do not care to rebuild, as their lease of the ground has only three years to run.

In a fortnight after the fire new scenery was painted, new properties were prepared, and the Harrigan and Hart Company opened at the Park in a new vaudeville, called "McAllister's Legacy." The play is of the genuine "Mulligan" stock, and all the favorites of the company have their usual parts in it.

The opening was remarkable for the outpouring of New Yorkers to greet their popular local comedians. The vicinity of the Park was like a mass-meeting. Operatic prices were paid for seats. A company of the Seventh Regiment attended in a body. The audience included all classes—up-towners, down-towners, brokers, bootblacks, millionaires, newsboys, ladies from Murray Hill and from the Sixth Ward. So thoroughly representative an audience was probably never assembled at a theatre before.

This audience took charge of the proceedings at once, and stage-managed the performance in their own way. They insisted upon speeches from Harrigan, Hart and the leading members of the company; they presented Braham with a valuable violin. They encored everything and applauded everybody.

Here is the rich reward of good work, well done. Harrigan and Hart are still very young men, and they have risen by educated talent and conscientious labor. Their theatre is admirably managed, before and behind the curtain, without fuss or pretence. They give the public the best they have, and they restrict their performances to the local field which nobody has touched since Chanfrau won fame and fortune as the impersonator of a New York fireman.

* * *

MR. WALLACK, evidently thinking that the public had laughter enough, opened the middle part of his season with the production of a new drama, called "Victor

Durand," written by Henry Guy Carleton, a young journalist who had distinguished himself by verses in the New Orleans papers, "Poker Sketches" in Life, and by writing a tragedy called "Memnon," which was accepted by John McCullough, but has not been performed.

Before "Victor Durand" was produced Henry Irving telegraphed that he had given Mr. Carleton a commission for a new play for the London Lyceum. No wonder, therefore, that all the literary and artistic world was interested in the new drama.

On the first night, the drama was an enthusiastic success. All the actors were called before the curtain; the author thrice bowed his thanks from a box. The daily papers praised the piece highly. A company was at once organized to send it through the provinces.

If I am disappointed in "Victor Durand," it is, perhaps, because I expected too much. Mr. Carleton's drama is odd, original, clever; but it is more like a Gaboriau novel than a play. The most dramatic incidents occur before the curtain rises. The audience have to be told the story instead of seeing it acted.

The hero, a young Frenchman, has been convicted and sent to the galleys for an assault with robbery, on a railway train, of which he is innocent. After two years he escapes from the galleys; takes a false name and marries, at Rome, a lovely American girl. The happy pair go to Paris, and then the play begins.

The villain, also in love with the American girl, recognizes the hero as an escaped convict and puts the police upon his track. The object of the villain is to force the hero to confess his crime, so that he may be divorced from his American wife. By a string of circumstantial evidence, the crime is at last brought home to the villain, who is led off to prison, while the hero is released.

Such a story as this is impossible anywhere, and especially in France. No divorce is needed, because a convict cannot marry. Examined from a common-sense point of view, the whole piece is absurd, and would almost serve as a burlesque upon modern French melodramas. But Mr. Carleton has written for the stage and for the audience, and, his starting-point once conceded, he builds up effective theatrical situations and surprises.

I am surprised to find a new dramatist leaving love out of his calculations in writing a play. He marries his hero and heroine before we see them. He makes his hero as unsympathetic as possible by sending him to the galleys and allowing him to commit the mean crime of marrying a lady under an assumed name. He depends for success entirely upon the clever manner in which the puzzle about the assault and robbery is solved through the finding of a note-case. He depends upon this for success, and he is successful. Nevertheless, I hope that he will give us a real play, instead of a puzzle, when he writes for Irving and Miss Terry.

* * *

THE other serious play which upheld the legitimate drama against the sea of nonsense, was "Francesca da Rimini," with Lawrence Barrett, at the Star Theatre.

After many years of probation, Mr. Barrett has now become a New York favorite. He was heartily received, and he did everything possible to deserve his reception. "Francesca" was presented as a spectacle, with new scenery and costumes, madrigal boys and crowds of picturesque auxiliaries. Probably it will keep the stage during the whole of Mr. Barrett's six weeks' engagement at the Star. If not, Browning's "Blot on the Scutcheon" will be produced.

But Mr. Barrett does not depend upon himself and the two leading members of his company. He has frankly adopted the Irving system. He prefers the effects of ensemble to any individual prominence. He has chosen the right way, and he finds it not only artistically satisfactory, but unprecedentedly profitable.

Now Edwin Booth has come to the Fifth Avenue, and we have our two American tragedians together to contrast or compare. Mr. Booth has also waked up to the advantages of the Irving system. He is supported by the stock company of the Boston Museum, and new costumes and scenery have been prepared for him. Moreover, he revives the old plays in which his father was unequalled—"The Apostate," "The Iron Chest," "Don Caesar." This is great enterprise for Mr. Booth.

Already, in only two seasons, Henry Irving has begun a reform in American theatricals, which will be permanent and important. Without knowing it, he came to us as a missionary. Doubtless he would modestly disclaim the credit for the impression he has made; but the facts speak for themselves.

STEPHEN FISKE.

Gallery and Studio

JAN VON CHELMINSKI.

THE Slav race, which has contributed much brilliant and original talent to modern art, is especially distinguished for the additions it has made to the ranks of the equestrian painters. The race is a race of horsemen, and it is only natural that the horse should hold an important place in the art of its gifted sons. With all their weaknesses of drawing and their frequent superficiality in execution, the Slav painters of to-day give us the most spirited and strikingly truthful representation of the

of name would imply) in the line of art they have made distinctive, was born at Brzostow, in Russian Poland, in 1851. In 1870 he began the study of art in Munich, with twenty-five dollars and the ill-will of his family for capital. His earnestness and his talent won for him the favor of the great battle painter, Franz Adam, and the latter, in spite of his aversion to the cares of teaching, took the young stranger under his wing. In 1873 Chelminski set up a studio for himself, and his career since then has been one of uninterrupted and growing success. His pictures have been exceptionally popular with the military and the nobility, representing, as most of

as an admirable distinctiveness of personality. His color is lively and fresh, occasionally given to the crudities which are not unknown to the painters of his race and genre, but in the main well regulated, well balanced and pleasing. Although his pictures of the chase and his smaller genres from the rococo period have won him especial popularity, his best work is in the subjects he draws from the wild life of his native land. A flight of Nihilist fugitives over the snow; the desperate defence by a party in a wrecked sledge against a pack of wolves; bits from the life of the Cossack camp and the outposts of the frontier display him in a vein of picturesqueness and



"THE CHASE." FRAGMENT OF A PICTURE BY JAN CHELMINSKI.

DRAWN FROM THE PAINTING BY THE ARTIST.

horse that we have. They present the noble brute as he lives, and if they fail in academic accuracy and the architectural quality of the sculptor, their wild coursers of the steppes, like their broken-down hacks of the posting house stables, have a vitality which disarms cold criticism. The pictures of Josef Brandt and Chelmonski, of Chelminski and Chowalski have become popular in America, and it is an item of interesting news that one of this quartet of powerful and original painters has followed his fame across the Atlantic, and found a lodgment here.

Jan Von Chelminski, an artist who ranks with Brandt and with Chelmonski (a distant relative, as the similarity

them do, the aristocratic sports of the chase and the diversions attendant thereupon. By the press of Germany he has been invariably received with high but critical praise.

Mr. Chelminski shows in his canvases a fine instinct for composition and a good eye for character and form. He is a painter of action by inclination, and has a masterly command of movement and physical expression. He draws with grace, ease and spirit, and his technique is characterized by the same readiness and absence of effort. He possesses the faculty of endowing his figures, human or brute, with a robust and healthy vitality, as well

of dramatic feeling far more satisfactory to us and creditable to him than his more decorative and conventional compositions, spirited and full of movement as these are.

At a recent exhibition of his paintings at the Lotos Club, the picture which perhaps attracted most attention was his "Flight of a Nihilist," who is driven in hot haste in a sledge drawn by three tired-out horses, preceded by a guide; both men are armed and ready to face presently the Cossacks who, seen in the distance, are apparently gaining on them. The picture is impressive and full of action. In quite a different vein were the artist's scenes in Central Park, a fragment of one of which

is shown on the first page. These are pleasant bits of genre, and should be very salable. The picture referred to, indeed, was sold as soon as it left the easel, and, oddly enough, it is to be sent to Munich, whence the painter has lately arrived. We have no American artist who can paint the horse in action so well as Chelminski, and he can be kept busy with commissions for painting favorite trotters, if he cares about such work. But it is the life of the Indians and the plainsmen in the far West which has most attracted his attention and aroused his ambition, and it is in this interesting field that we expect him to win his laurels in this country. If he does devote himself to this class of subject, the anomaly will be presented of a foreign artist, almost an entire stranger among us, and still unfamiliar with our language, painting American life and character, while our own men

of decided talent and individuality. These were Mr. Edwards's first introduction to public notice. The young artist had come from Fairhaven, Connecticut, where he was born in 1859. As a boy he evinced remarkable aptitude for drawing. The sea and its people specially received his attention, and decided the field of his maturer work which shows how readily he catches the spirit of the structural peculiarities of our quaint coast towns and fishing ports, the character of our coasting craft and of those who navigate them. His sympathy has always been with the scenes amid which his youth was spent, and, naturally, the first expression of his abilities is found in glorifying them. Soon after his arrival in New York he was employed on decorative designing, and this developed in him a taste for a class of imaginative work in which he has shown decided

Mr. Edwards in 1882 visited Belgium, Holland, and France, finally taking a studio in Paris, whence he made excursions to Normandy and Brittany. In 1883 he exhibited at The Salon "Retour de la Pêche," his largest oil painting in the present exhibition.

Among the seventy odd sketches, studies and finished pictures which fill the smaller of the new galleries in Madison Square, the water-color drawings show to the best advantage the distinguishing qualities of the artist, as the works in oil no less distinctly emphasize the present limitations of his art. Mr. Edwards is yet a young man, almost, if not entirely, self-taught, and it does not surprise us to find in his canvases much that is open to severe criticism. The strength of his art is also its weakness. If his touch is deft and his fancy airy, his execution is too often incomplete—he carries his con-



"ON THE SHORE." BY JAN CHELMINSKI.

DRAWN BY THE ARTIST FROM HIS PAINTING LATELY EXHIBITED AT THE LOTOS CLUB, NEW YORK.

seek abroad or in their studios the inspiration all nature in their own land fails to impart to them.

A. TRUMBLE.

GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS.

THE second exhibition of the new American Art Galleries introduces the interesting work of a young painter hitherto scarcely known to New York. Mr. George Wharton Edwards has been represented at recent local exhibitions by a few pictures in water-colors and oil, and has become popular in Boston, where his paintings are in demand; but until now he has been known here rather by repute than by his handiwork.

About six years ago there appeared in some of the periodicals drawings by a fresh hand among the illustrators, which, while defective, as many of them were, and often handicapped by inadequate reproduction, yet, from their dash and their cunning, facile execution, showed plainly to the critical eye the presence of a man

ability, as will be readily admitted by the reader who remembers the charming "holiday card" designs of elfins, fairies and hobgoblins published (November, 1882) in *The Art Amateur*. There is something almost paradoxical in the singular foil the talent for such dainty work of the imagination offers to that breezy, robust talent manifested in the artist's representation of the every-day life of the weather-beaten mariner.

It is difficult to say to-day in which phase of his art—the material or the poetical—Mr. Edwards is most satisfactory. As a translator of nature he possesses a bold and correct hand, a quick and intelligent eye, and an intense feeling for the subtle harmonies of light and air no mere technical skill can achieve. In his drawings in black and white, as in his work in water-colors and in oil, this capacity for fixing or suggesting the luminosity of nature is a chief charm. He gives, too, with much truth, the rush and swirl of the surf, the long and powerful sweep of a deep sea roller, or the sluggish crawl of a Dutch canal—and all these with a rare degree of facility.

ceptions and suggestions to a certain stage of finish, and there leaves them. His color is muddy, there is little attention paid to values, and cleverness is often made to do duty in place of knowledge.

Many of Mr. Edwards's water-colors are thoroughly admirable, especially those in which his favorite grays predominate; for it is undoubtedly in monochrome that we find him at his best. It may be too soon to assume that he is denied the gift of color, but it is not too much to say that, as yet, he has shown nothing to lead us to suppose that he possesses it. In some of these drawings there is a charming out-of-door feeling. We have specially in mind a view on one of the Paris bridges on a misty winter day, which has a marvellous wetness and cool airiness about it, and a suggestion of distance, which is really masterly. No less admirable is a Paris street scene in which the mysterious indefiniteness of twilight is perfectly conveyed. One might easily single out for praise others of these drawings, especially some taken on the Dutch Coast—excellent in their truthful rendering of

character and atmosphere. But let it suffice to say generally, that the whole collection stamps Mr. Edwards as an aquarellist of uncommon talent. The imaginative pictures, including several subjects drawn from "The Culprit Fay" of Rodman Drake, and others of purely original inspiration, are full of whimsical fancy or poetic sentiment. Seen together, they are somewhat depressing in their monotonous grays; but some of them, suitably framed—say, for a boudoir—would show capital decorative qualities.

WOMAN'S WORK AT THE AMERICAN ART GALLERIES.

ALIDA BEVIER of this city sends a "Sunny Window" that need not be ashamed of itself beside any work of equal pretensions in the Paris Salon. It represents a bit of plain white wainscot wall, a painted white window shelf, a half open window, and a green vine. The wainscot is barred with shadows of the window sash; the vine entering through the window to cross the wooden shelf is energetic, "perky" and knowing, a sort of terrier among vines, and is relieved partly against the darkness of exterior space, partly against the opaque white of the shelf. It is an ingenious bit of decoratively treated technique, although realistic as opposed to "conventional" or "aesthetic" decoration, and has a brisk and piquant character, the work of one who knew *what* she wanted to do and how to do it.

Rhoda Holmes Nichols, a talented Englishwoman who has lately made her home among us, sends "A Ve-

curved iron, full of parti-colored tapestries or stuffs, blooming plants and vagrant vines, against an expanse of

"A Gray Day on the Lagoons" is as prosaic as the subject can be made with such expert craftsmanship. La-

vinia Ebbinghausen, of Philadelphia, sends "Picking up a Living" and a profile bust called "Eleanor." The former is a plain-walled barnyard scene, with woolly, not feathered, fowls in the foreground. It is good in color, rather loose in substance, and not noticeable either for treatment or motif. "Eleanor" is a coarse peasant face, with shoulders rather incongruously covered with rich drapery. The flesh is hot, the drapery as flat, foldless and shadowless as that of a Byzantine Madonna, and, therefore, as facile; the brush work shows no timidity within its lines, but all technical difficulties are avoided, and the painter is evidently more at home with brush than pencil. Lucy Holbrook sends "Connecticut Woods," pretty, elaborate and conventional. Elizabeth Booth, Boston, has the two canvases that bear away the palm of ugliness from the whole exhibition. Both are of signboard artistic quality, and would fill their proper office—one before a butcher's shop, the other a circus side-show. The one represents an ugly domestic grunter in easy profile, a blocky, wooden, purplish porker seemingly painted, not from life, but death. Time and paint are wasted upon such exploits, as far removed from real feeling and rule of true art as hogs are from seraphs. The other, "Serena," is a monstrosity of a little negro girl, with bowl and spoon on her knees. The head is grotesquely out of proportion; the color is that

of the plain wall against which it is painted, and therefore has no relief. Bertha von Hillern sends "House



GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS. DRAWN BY HIMSELF.



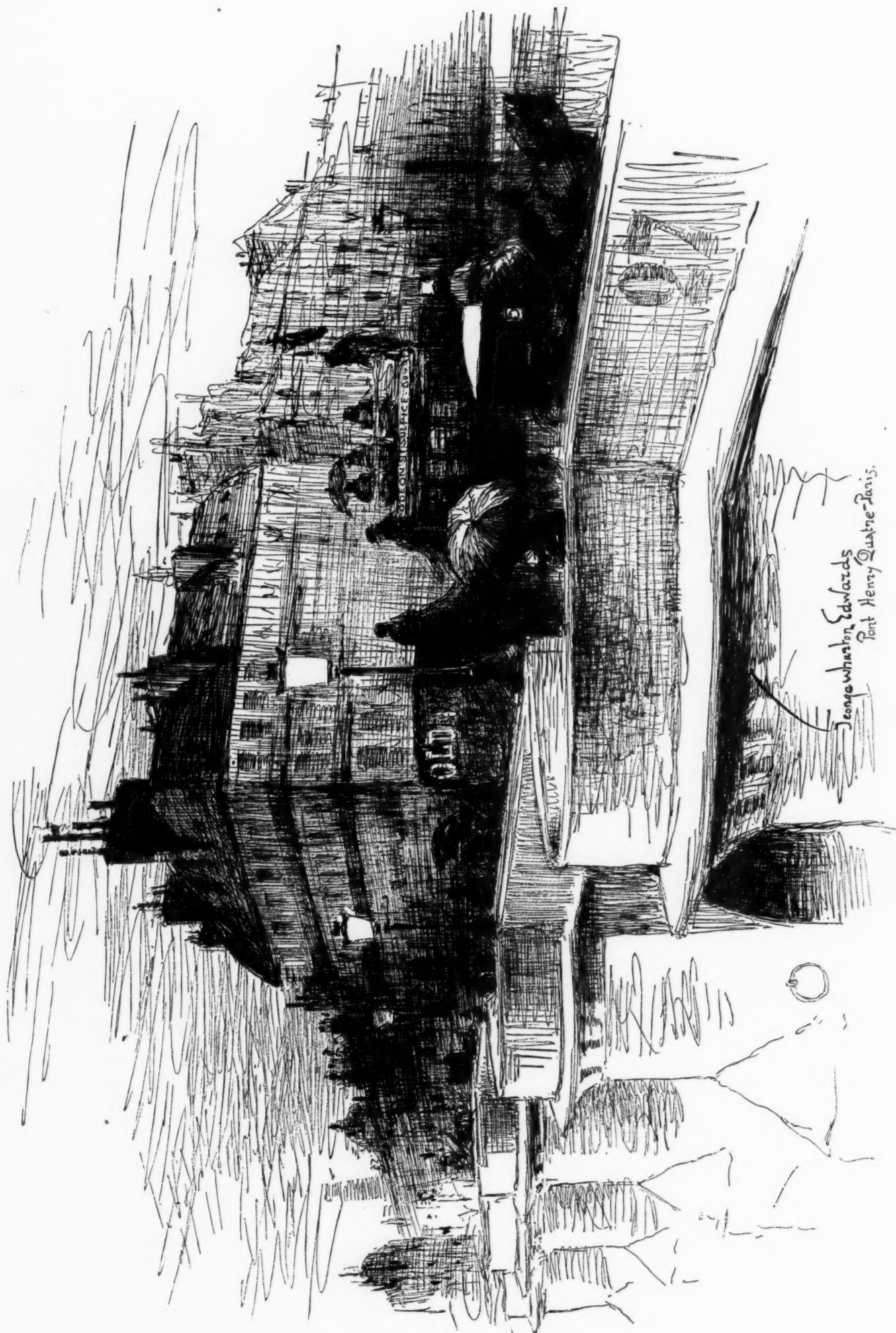
"A SUNNY DAY OFF THE COAST OF NORMANDY." BY GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS.

DRAWN BY THE ARTIST FROM HIS PICTURE IN WATER-COLORS.

netian Balcony," "A Gray Day on the Lagoons," and "Venetian Boys," all bright, "smart" work. The "Venetian Balcony" shows one of those familiar objects of

tranquil and harmonious, although so dazzling, an ensemble. The "Venetian Boys" are but a pyramidal accessory to much peach-tinted expanse of steps, while

on Battle-Ground of Fisher's Hill, Virginia," painted with a seriousness and gravity almost depressing. It represents a plain, bald, weather-beaten house, with



"A WET DAY IN PARIS. VIEW OF THE PONT HENRI QUATRE." BY GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS.

DRAWN BY THE ARTIST FROM HIS PICTURE IN WATER-COLORS.

huge outside chimney, close beside a dull road. The title says this is a hill, but the picture gives no hint of the enchantment of distance as seen from hill-tops. There is no buoyancy of elastic atmosphere, no thrust or shimmer or breath of golden light, no poetry of filmy shadow. Elizabeth Bonsall sends "A Pleasant Thought" and an unmeaning, chalky little canvas representing a Chinese doll hanging to a bottle of Chartreuse or Benedictine, and called "How can I Leave Thee?" The first canvas could not be better named. It represents a three-quarter figure of a gentle Quakeress in white kerchief and gray dress, and with close-capped head, bent over her knitting. The face is not smiling but the "pleasant thought" shows itself in soft and subtle modelling of fair, plump cheek, chin and mouth. "A Forced Pose," by Frances Throop, a pouting child in a high chair, is a very clever sketch, simple enough in its aim, but well thrown up, and not "womanish." "Chrys-anthemums,"

by Alice Buell, are true chrys-anthemums, vigorously painted. Agnes Abbott has a "Sketch from Nature, Westchester County," a clump of trees, a corn-crib on stilts and the rear corner of a farm-house. The color is neat, bright and clear, the atmosphere crystalline; the technique is precise and well regulated, the sky floating and airy, the landscape almost as shadowless as one of Benjamin Constant's Oriental scenes. It is good work, but not imaginative. Jennie Brownscombe, Philadelphia, sends "Apple Blossoms" and "A Brittany Study," the latter a dull, cold vista of the stone walls of a provincial cul de sac, broken only by one round door, one square one and a painted window and

gable. One cannot help these mathematical architectural observations in regarding the canvas; there is really nothing else to do. The study of "Apple Blossoms" is an excellent and refined rendering of well-bred and delicate blossoms following the line of the branch with the regularity of figures upon Parthenaic frieze! In every respect they are the very antithesis of "Apple Blossoms" by Medora Hubbell, Stratford, Conn., which are as large, loose and dashing as honeysuckle clusters, and with as little deference to their parent branch. They are as free and flowing as the others are neat and compact; their color is cold—as apple blossoms in masses are in fact. Ellen K. Baker sends from Paris a flat head called "La Bohemienne" and a large canvas of two figures called "Mutiny," a chubby and very French baby refusing its drink offered by a very purple-complexioned young girl. Helen M. Knolton, Boston, sends a head called "Pansy," not particularly attractive,

and perhaps receiving its title because of the dark golden face surmounting a dull purple dress. Phebe Nott has an interesting interior view of Anne Hathaway's Shottery cottage. Sarah Dodson sends a girl's head, hat shadows under wide hat brim, but virile, as Miss Dodson's Luminous-taught work always is. Blanche Dillaye, Philadelphia, has a "Thank you, Ma'am," a steep red brown road rushing straight down upon the spectator. Lida Scott has "A Catskill Acquaintance," in almost monochromatic reddish brown, a character sketch, with strong light on a profile surmounted by a tipped-back shocking old hat, reminding one of the disdain for beauty, the fondness for "types," and the swashing brush-work affected by the leading women students of the famous atelier des dames in the Boulevard Clichy. Clara Lobeck has a very "sheepish-looking" sheep, painted as if from a model in wood, and there are "Roses" good and bad, big and little—roses of muslin

worthy presentation of sculpture? The few busts, statuettes and reliefs crowded into obscure corners of the Academy from year to year are usually beneath notice, because our best men are unrepresented. They are well aware that the Academy offers no chance for the fitting exhibition of sculpture. Even the delightful work shown at the exhibitions of the Society of American Artists during the last four or five years has, of necessity, appeared at a disadvantage. I have in mind an exhibition to consist only of sculpture, in which Messrs. St. Gaudens and Warner, and such others as have proved their merits, shall be fully represented, with the proviso that every example shall be so placed as to be properly and favorably seen. Of course, the sphere of such an exhibition might be indefinitely extended. Public statues and monuments of various kinds are springing up like mushrooms throughout the land, and the announcement of an exhibition of sculpture might flood the galleries with sketches for all

sorts of public works. But many of them might be quickly weeded out, as having nothing whatever to do with art. A competent jury of admissions would have their greatest trouble in finding enough that was worth showing. For the collection, however small it might be, should be given such a character that one, after seeing it, might walk among the bronze and stone monstrosities in our parks without wholly despairing of American sculpture. What is necessary for the exhibition? First, a place to exhibit properly. That, I think, we have. Secondly, the co-operation of artists. I do not believe that our sculptors, if they were insured respectful treatment, would decline



"NORMANDY PEASANT." BY GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS.

DRAWN BY THE ARTIST FROM HIS PICTURE IN WATER-COLORS.

and roses of wax, roses of paper and roses of tin, fat roses and thin roses, roses, roses, ROSES!

MARGARET BERTHA WRIGHT.

SOME POSSIBLE EXHIBITIONS.

A YEAR ago the scanty facilities of this city forbade any new departure in exhibitions; indeed, until the present season the regular art organizations have been hard pressed for adequate space. Now that the American Art Association offers four more than satisfactory galleries, this obstacle no longer exists. The generous spirit shown by the proprietors of these galleries seems to promise their co-operation with others in exhibitions which would broaden our knowledge of art in one way or another, even though these exhibitions might fail to be pecuniarily profitable. When have we had any

to send available busts and bas-reliefs, or at least casts, and sketches of their more important works.

Then comes the question of labor and money. Who would do the work, and who would pay the necessary expenses? This, I confess, I cannot answer. Can any of our amateurs promise volunteers? If we possessed such an organization as the Boston Art Club, with membership limited strictly to artists and amateurs, we might expect it to indulge in such luxuries as this. As it is, I can only speak tentatively, throwing out my suggestions in the hope that one or two may fall on fruitful ground.

I should like to see a collection adequately representing American wood-engraving. If Mr. Linton were able to give the matter his personal attention, it would be interesting to place side by side modern engravings chosen by him to illustrate his beliefs and engravings selected by Messrs. Drake and Fraser, of The Century art department. So much has been said of engraving in "pure line"

and of "imitative" engraving, that I think people who care a straw for the reproductive arts would enjoy an opportunity like this for direct comparison, in the presence, if possible, of the originals. Well-chosen examples could demonstrate that growth in our wood-engraving which those who have paid no particular attention to the subject accept merely as an article of faith. This exhibition would be interesting, and it would certainly have an educational value, although the "receipts at the door" might not pay the expenses. But if the American Art Galleries were chosen as the place of exhibition, there is always the opportunity of modestly occupying but one gallery with the exhibition of this nature, in connection with some more popular display. Wood-engraving suggests other forms of reproduction. In this day of universal picture-making, it might be well to exhibit examples of the various processes in favor for books and periodicals, the examples, if possible, to reproduce the same subjects, and to be accompanied by brief explanatory text. Thereby some little popular knowledge might be diffused, and the acute critic aided in distinguishing a wood-engraving from a photo-engraving.

An army of young enthusiasts descend upon this city every autumn for the purpose of studying art. What do they do? That portion of the public which follows the work of our full-fledged artists ought certainly to feel some interest in the achievements and potentialities of the young students who will be their successors. A very small number, comparatively, show any active interest in the little exhibitions at the Art League, the Academy and the Cooper Union. But suppose these schools combine for an annual exhibition of the best work of their students. Such a representative showing would, I think, prove both suggestive and interesting. Let the students in each school un-

dents of the industrial arts could be induced to make a report of themselves. The city must contain enough

American embroideries, which formed no unimportant feature of the Pedestal Fund Loan Exhibition, seems to promise even a popular success for an exhibition of American embroideries in original designs upon American stuffs. The article last month in *The Art Amateur* upon the work of the Associated Artists may be taken as evidence, were more needed, that none could arrange such an exhibition more fitly than "the accomplished little band of gentlewomen" who compose this association. Whether their varied cares would permit an undertaking of this kind, I do not know. But if the exhibition were held, I am sure the public would be the gainers.

It is often hinted that the less said regarding the past of American art, the better. We are young, of course—we have very little of a past in art, to be sure—and yet it is well to recognize the fact that American artists have been painting pictures for over a hundred years, and during all that time there have been men painting with as much sincerity, whatever be said of other qualities, as the men of the present day. Some latter-day amateurs, I notice, look upon the works of Kensett and Gray at the Metropolitan Museum as representing the remotest past of American art, and there are exhibition-goers of to-day who would be puzzled to tell whether Copley and Stuart were or were not native Americans. Within my knowledge we have had no adequate historical exhibition of American art, and yet a dozen different institutions, only a short distance apart, contain paintings which, properly grouped, would illustrate the history of our art. In the Redwood Library, at Newport—a place associated with memories of Stuart and Malbone—is at least one portrait by the Quaker painter, Robert Feke, who is commonly regarded as the first native American artist. Copley and West



SKETCH BY GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS.



"THE VAGABONDS." BY GEORGE WHARTON EDWARDS.

DRAWN BY THE ARTIST FROM THE ORIGINAL WATER-COLOR PICTURE.

derstand that only their best efforts would be considered for admission to the exhibition, and the prospect of the honor would act as a profitable stimulus. Perhaps stu-

work, wood-carving, or what not, to furnish forth a respectable showing of proficiency.

The conspicuous attention accorded the collection of

were born in 1737 and 1738, Stuart and Trumbull in 1756, Vanderlyn in 1776, Allston in 1779, Malbone in 1775, the elder Peale in 1741, and Rembrandt Peale in 1778.

Sully, of course, was born in England. Such institutions as the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, the Lenox Library, and the Historical Society in New York, and the Boston Athenæum fortunately contain some works by which our earliest painters would have wished to be remembered. In the Memorial Hall of Harvard College hang fourteen examples of Copley, with others by Stuart and Trumbull; and Harvard is by no means the only college owning representative pictures by American artists of the last century. Many such works are cherished by private owners in Boston, Cambridge, Newport and New York. Others are in the possession of public or private institutions, where the opportunities for inspection are limited. In every case, year after year passes by, and these pictures are seen by only a comparatively small portion of that public which is interested in art. Out of all this abundance, now accessible only in part, is it not possible to gather a representative historical collection for exhibition here in New York, the conceded art centre of the country?

As to the illustrations of American art in the present century, there would obviously be room for much difference of opinions and for much judicious sifting. But I think no one would deny a representation to the three forerunners of our landscape art—Cole, Doughty and Durand—or to examples of Inman, Elliott, Baker, Ingham, Harding, Mount, Healy, Staigg and William Page, although I have not intended to mention living artists. Yet a collection of this nature, to be complete, must include some works by living painters, and must recognize emphatically the new influences in our art which began to be felt in the early seventies.

If only the works of dead artists were admitted, we should have a temporary American Louvre for the first time, and by the admission of paintings by living men we might consider the exhibition as representing for a season an American Luxembourg and Louvre in one. Considerations of space would require close limitations—probably a division into two collections. Better this than nothing. It is not flattering to hear foreign visitors vainly asking for a gallery where they may find a representation of American achievements in art. There is no reason to expect Government appropriations for an American Louvre in New York, and it remains for individuals to consider whether it would not be worth while to bring together for a little time one representative historical collection.

J. R. W. HITCHCOCK.

Art Hints and Notes.

A SCREEN for a studio window, which will be at once handsome and effective, can be made by stretching an Oriental rug across the lower portion. This concentrates the light in the upper part, where it belongs, and gives a rich setting to the otherwise blank window space. In rooms where you need all the light you can get, white curtains are very useful; but for a studio a rug screen is the best device yet contrived. A couple of screw eyes in the window frames, a stout copper wire and a few rings pinned to your rug with safety pins are needed.

FOR suggestions in ornament and decoration there is nothing better than nature. There is more true decorative suggestion in a thicket of wayside weeds than in a shelf of text books. The strength of the Japanese—who are, by all odds, for pure feeling, the greatest decorative designers in the world—is in their constant reference to nature. They find her a never-failing well-spring of inspiration, and so will any one who goes to her with his eyes open.

THE study of drapery is so useful and so easily prosecuted, that no one is to be excused for neglecting it. Your curtains and portières, a dress thrown over a chair, the cover dragging from your table, afford excellent opportunities. Drapery, like still life, is always before you; and while the latter is specially useful in promoting proficiency in arrangement, the former affords precious lessons in line and light and shade. For the study of textures and color there are few better exercises than painting drapery.

THE lightest spot in the heavens, in nature, is always lighter than any objects in the world beneath. No white in nature is ever as luminous as the light in the sky. Effects may be forced by ignoring this fact, but they will

always be at the expense of the picture; for the moment you create a light more brilliant than that of the sky, you deaden it and rob it of air. Objects in the foreground of a picture appear lighter than the sky sometimes, but that is because they are contrasted with darker planes or masses, which heighten their relief without increasing their intrinsic brightness. In painting from nature, remember that the sky is a luminous space, with light within it, while all mundane substances are more or less substantial, and receive light only on their surfaces, and consequently cannot be more brilliant than that which gives the light to them.

COMMON writing ink can be transformed into rich, black drawing ink by dissolving sugar in it. But the line made with this compound is sticky as well as brilliant, and rubs so easily that no drawing made with it should remain unframed if worth keeping at all.

THE best cleansing preparation for oil pictures is soft-soap and warm water. But no picture should be washed until it is at least two years old.

THE best way to preserve water-colors you do not care to frame is to mount them on boards of uniform size and keep them in a special portfolio. Such a portfolio will interest your friends, if not you.

NEVER give away a sketch because you do not consider it worth keeping. If it is not worth keeping you should destroy it, for it will bring you only discredit. There is a famous painter in this city who has spent hundreds of dollars buying up a lot of his early drawings, sold at an auction by accident, and of which he is now ashamed. They were the best he could do once, but their existence annoys him now to a degree any one but an artist might consider absurd.

FOR painting in black and white I find it most convenient to make my own colors. I grind up zinc white with a muller on a glass slab, mixing it with gum arabic and glycerine, the latter in just sufficient quantity to keep the color from cracking, as it would with gum alone. Very little glycerine is necessary. Too much prevents the color from drying. You can test it by drying a little on a bit of paper. For black I use bone black, warmed up with a little Vandyck brown, and mixed in the same way. With these colors it is possible to obtain a brilliancy and crispness of touch which is impossible in oil, while the objectionable greasy gleam which characterizes an oil black and white is avoided.

IN drawing in transparent water-colors, make sure of your outline first of all. The beauty of a transparent water-color lies in the simplicity and certainty with which its results are produced. Do not use body color on a transparent drawing unless it is absolutely necessary. For whites and half lights scratch the paper with a sharp blade. In making body color drawings, do not permit your color to pile up too heavy, for it will eventually crack and scale off. When it becomes too thick, and you wish to paint over it, scrape it off.

DIDEROT says: "Nature makes nothing incorrect. If an object is ugly, there is a reason for it." This is the best reason a student can have for copying nature faithfully. When you come to invent, you can make your pictures as beautiful and fanciful as you choose. As long as you are studying nature, study her closely, and do not try to improve on her. The better you can draw what you see, the better able you will be to invent things which have no existence, for you can apply to them the knowledge you have gained from actual facts.

IT is a great mistake to sacrifice one study for another, to devote yourself to drawing to the exclusion of color, or vice-versa. Drawing gives you the form of an object, color its life. As soon as you can draw it, then try to paint it. But do not begin to paint it before you can put its outline on paper, or rest satisfied when you know how to draw it, till you have learned to fix its color too.

THE surer you are of what you want to do, the more masterly your work will be. Study your subject well before you begin to develop it. Learn how to draw be-

fore you try to paint. Learn how to mix your colors before you put them on the canvas. Not till you have done all this can you pretend to be an artist. For a preliminary study in mixing colors, cover a cardboard with squares of different colored and shaded silks, satins, calicos, papers and the like—the greater the variety the better. Then try to reproduce on canvas the whole board, in all its variations of shade and color. The experiment will teach you a valuable lesson in harmonies, as well as one in the combination of the contents of your color tubes.

IN drawing flowers, strive to get every variation of form accurate. In painting them, try to obtain their general effect, and the form will suggest itself. The reason for this is, that a drawing of a flower can only give you a scientific reproduction of it, and the more correct and minute this is, the better. But in a painting you reproduce the living beauty of the flower, and the minuter you work the less life your picture will have; for the more labor you put on it the more its spirit will give place to your mechanical art. Remember that you can never reproduce nature line for line, for you have not the substances or pigments she produces her effects with. All you can do is to suggest her. If you endeavor to do more, your work ceases to be a picture, and becomes a mere diagram.

DRAW the figure as much as possible the size of life. In the best foreign art schools the student is not permitted to draw or paint from the model on a small scale. The foremost painters of cabinet and miniature pictures are among the best draughtsmen on the scale of life. Meissonier is a magnificent cartoonist. The suggestion of breadth he conveys in his smallest pictures is due to his knowledge of what to leave out, gained from his large experimental and study work. If you learn to draw or paint a head, a hand and a foot the size of life, you will find yourself able to do the whole body on the same scale with little trouble.

No line of art is unworthy of study. If you have the talent for historical painting, and have to paint fans, paint them. The time will come when you will be able to paint the pictures you wish, and meanwhile your fans will be better than those of the man who has no talent beyond the painting of fans.

ARTIST.

HOW TO MODEL IN CLAY AND WAX.

V. THE STUDY OF RELIEF.

ONE of the best methods I know for developing the faculty of drawing is the practice of modelling in bas-relief—that is, the reproduction on a flat, clay background, of a head or figure in relief, which shall have the same effect as the object copied. This is the simplest form of modelling, because, as in drawing, only one view of the subject is to be considered. But, like all simple practices in art, it has serious and important uses.

There are various kinds of relief, from low, flat to high relief, in which the work stands out from its background, like a figure on the round. This last is the best for study, either from head or figure, as the highest possible relief—the nearest approach to the round—is the most true and direct study. But in the practice of modelling the only effectual method of achieving a command of the art is to begin by working on the round, leaving the cultivation of relief to follow. Having had experience in working on the round, you will have no difficulty in becoming proficient at relief. But in beginning with relief you will still have the most serious work of the sculptor to conquer when you essay modelling on the round.

The best way to commence a relief is to draw in roughly on the clay background, with a modelling tool, the outline of a head, observing the size and proportions. Then fill in with clay. The outline establishes the size, and gives you the boundaries. It remains for you to fill the space it encloses with a plastic representation of your subject. Your modelling will be governed by the same rules as modelling in the round, and is operated in the same way. You are, in this case, simply representing half your subject instead of all of it.

This class of relief, as I have said, is a rudimentary practice in the sculptor's art. It has its uses, chiefly as affording a rapid method of working from nature. For the study of the figure it is the method in use in schools the world over. The same rules as govern the making of

a head in relief govern the making of a figure. Observe the proportions very closely; measuring by head-lengths is the best way of obtaining the correct proportions.

Low relief is an art apart. It requires special study, and, indeed, special feeling; for without the latter quality the modeller is destined to produce but poor and ineffective work. Low relief has been called drawing on clay, and, indeed, it is not much more. The problem the modeller has to solve is the production of a representation of his subject, with just as little relief as possible. To do this, he must so manipulate his clay as to have it produce a light and shade for him by the delicate gradation of its surface. There are no rules by which this operation can be taught. It must be studied out and learned for itself.

This much bear in mind, however: the more solidly you ground yourself in the direct practices of your art, the more easily will you perform its accessory practices. Learn to model soundly and honestly from the round; school your eye to an observation of the graces of form and outline, and learn the science of measurements and proportions. By the time you have done this you will be a modeller, and you can now, if you choose, experiment in relief, and you will do so with a good chance of success.

VI. MODELLING IN WAX.

From the remotest antiquity wax has been used by the sculptor to give his art a tangible existence. The Greeks seem to have been well aware of the facility with which this supple material acquired form under the touch, and the durability with which it preserved it. There were modellers in wax in Athens, just as there were sculptors in marble and metal. A frequent if not its chief use with them, was to model copies of the statues of the deities, which the faithful purchased as household gods. These little wax statues provided the poorer people with the "lares et penates" which the richer and more luxurious enjoyed in the precious metals, in ivory and stone. A supernatural power was attributed to them too, and they were associated with sorcery.

The old superstition is well known, that if you made a wax statue of your enemy and permitted it slowly to melt down before the fire, the original would also waste and die.

In the earliest times of metal casting the sculptor was accustomed to make his statue of wax, to make a mould around it, and then subject it to fire, when the wax would be melted out, leaving the mould complete and ready for casting. In the autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini this process is described in detail, it being the one

he employed. Of course, by this means only one copy of a statue could be made, for the original was destroyed in making the mould, and the mould, being in one piece, had to be broken to release the casting.

During the Renaissance period portraits in wax were popular, and many examples are preserved in European museums. It is a property of wax properly prepared that no ordinary changes of temperature affect it, and if the object is not subjected to actual abuse it will last for an indefinite period. This permanency is secured by the

K. Brown combines 1 pound of yellow beeswax, 2 oz. Venetian turpentine, 2 oz. Burgundy pitch, 3 oz. corn-starch, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. sweet oil, and 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. Venetian red, dry. The wax, turpentine, and pitch are melted together, and the color, corn-starch, and oil well stirred in, part of the oil being used to smear some platters in which to run the cakes and prevent the wax from adhering. Stir the mixture while pouring it into the plates, and allow it to become entirely cold before using. It should also be worked with the hands when required for use, to prevent any of the oil remaining on the surface.

Mr. Louis St. Gaudens

uses a wax made of 1 pound beeswax, 3 oz. Burgundy pitch, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. lard, and potato flour enough to prevent stickiness. Miss Pell has an excellent recipe for fine modelling wax in the proportion of 5 oz. yellow wax, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. alkanet root, 10 oz. spirits of turpentine, the alkanet being steeped in the turpentine for 10 minutes in an earthenware dish, the turpentine then squeezed through a cloth, and the wax left in it for 24 hours to dissolve, being occasionally stirred with a spatula. The best wax that I have used is prepared after the recipe of Mr. Charles Osborne, as follows: 1 pound yellow beeswax, 1 oz. Venice turpentine, 1 oz. Burgundy pitch, 1 oz. white lead, 1 oz. yellow ochre, dry powder, 1 oz. powdered corn-starch, $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. tallow. A small quantity of lamp-black or vermilion may be used, or such colors as are desired. A perfect mixture, with heat as described in the previous recipes, is necessary, and if the compound comes out too hard a little more Burgundy pitch and tallow may be used to soften it.

The methods of modelling in wax are identical with those of any kind of modelling. Special tools are made for use in this branch of plastic work, which tools may be obtained of any dealer in art materials. Wax for minute work, both in relief and round, is an extremely useful material, and when well prepared and colored works easily, and produces pleasing effects. In no sense can it, however, be made to supersede clay for more vigorous and large work, and its use must be

viewed chiefly as giving a variation to the practice of the art. It has the advantage over clay, however, of being clean to handle, and the work may be put down and taken up again at any time without injury to the material—which does not require frequent wetting, like clay. A medallion, for instance, may be carried about in a box in the pocket, and taken up for working on at odd moments. Good models for this are the four decorative heads on the opposite page.

J. S. HARTLEY.

(To be concluded.)



"MINERVA." BAS-RELIEF IN WHITE MARBLE OF THE ITALIAN SCHOOL.

(SEE "HOW TO MODEL IN CLAY AND WAX.")

admixture of other substances with the wax. There are a number of formulæ for this. Ordinary modelling wax, which may be purchased at any artists' materials store, is made in the proportion of 8 oz. yellow wax, 1 oz. Burgundy pitch or white (not spirits of) turpentine, and $\frac{1}{2}$ oz. hogs' lard, melted with a low heat, so as not to bubble, the ingredients being well stirred in, and red lead, in powder, used to color it. When perfectly mixed the wax is turned out on a slab to cool. There are many other methods for its preparation, however. H.



DOULTON WARE.



MEDALLION IN DOULTON WARE.

the ware is brought to the vitrifying point, makes the difficulties of producing satisfactory results proportionately great."

The "Silicon ware," of which the bowl illustrated to the right of the next page is an example, formerly came only in the simplest forms and for the most unpretentious uses, being of humble materials—soft clay under transparent water glaze. It had almost no decoration beyond a slight overlay of hard clay scrolls, wreaths or Greek keys, and no color save its own varieties of gray and yellow, the latter ranging from amber to russet, the former from weather-beaten wood color to palest ashen. But now even "Silicon" comes under the artistic necromancy, and reminds one of Wedgwood in its delicate surfaces, overlaid with porcelain-like busts, garlands of dancing sprites, and chaste figures of nymph and goddess. Color has come to

ALTHOUGH in former issues of the magazine (Jan., 1882, and Feb., 1883) much has been written about the art-work of Messrs. Doulton & Co., it may not be amiss to remind the reader that this salt-glazed decorated stoneware is completed in one burning, the forms being decorated in the soft state, and the colors applied as soon as the article is dry. "The colors are developed in the process of firing by means of fumes of salt, which is thrown into various parts of the kiln while the ware is at a white heat. The fact that the ware is unprotected in the kiln from smoke and sulphur arising from the fuel, and that

perforated—somewhat like reticulated Worcester ware—carved and inlaid with colored clays, in the last case a "lapidary" polish being put on the ware, which is so hard that you cannot scratch it with a steel point.

Our illustrations show new designs of Doulton ware decoration. One page is devoted to examples of the excellent sgraffito, or scratch work, done on the wet clay, by Miss Hannah Barlow, and the beautiful pâte-sur-pâte bird and floral decoration by her hardly less talented sister, Miss Florence Barlow. The work of both is entirely free hand. The first-named lady makes a special study of horses and deer. She uses no preliminary sketches, but, having once seen the object she intends to reproduce, its image is fixed in her mind until she sets it down faultlessly on the vessel she is decorating.

Miss Hannah Barlow's designs were usually pure outline, and either monochromatic in color or with incised lines of one simple color upon ground of another. The present ones, while the same in color, show an elaboration of incised lines that give quite a different ensemble. It is to be noticed that the tendency of the Doulton decoration of late has been to increased brilliancy and richness of color effects—due largely to the intelligence and untiring energy of Mr. Wilton Rix, the art director, who is constantly making new discoveries for stoneware decoration.

To return to our illustrations: The underglaze painting of birds upon fruity boughs, as medallion decoration for Pilgrim bottles, presents masses of soberly rich brown, orange and green, vivified by prismatic touches upon the bird's body, the whole



MEDALLION IN DOULTON WARE.

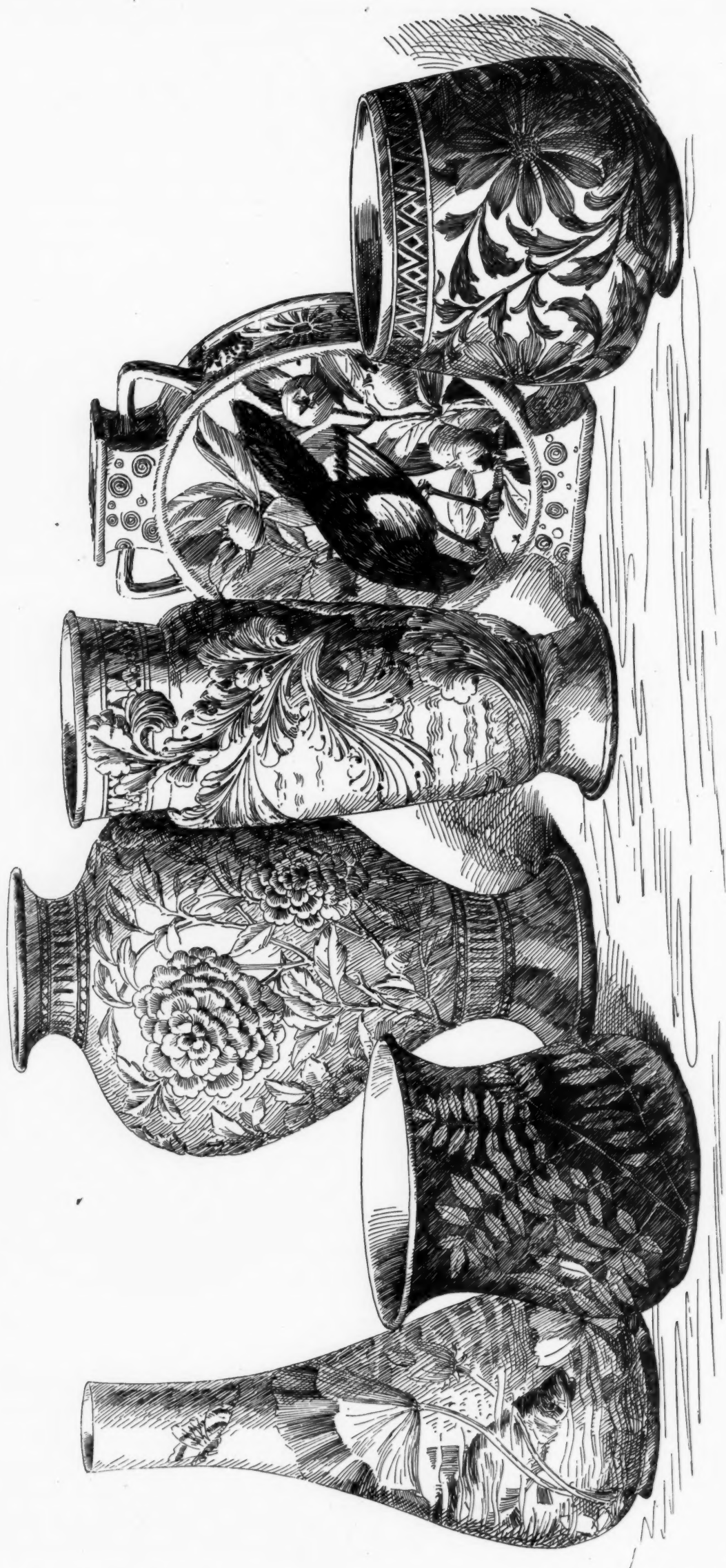


MEDALLIONS IN DOULTON WARE.

its aid too, and covers it with a maze of stars, flowers and eccentric designs, all in dull but effective tints. The cost is not so much increased as might be imagined, for all the dainty decorations, although so artistically designed, are mechanically created. The casts and dies, however, are so perfect that the least impress and shadow of the designer's artistic thought is caught and reflected almost magically, and the final arrangement upon each object is by deft hands directed by taste cultivated to note every suggestive subtlety of united line and contrasted angle.

Silicon ware, we may remind the reader, has a very hard body, itself thoroughly vitrified, various colors being incorporated and fused into the mass. The material attains a light smear or gloss, owing to the excessive heat of firing, but otherwise the objects are unglazed. The decorations are appliqué, modelled, pâte sur pâte,

mellowed by palest amber glaze. The massive acanthus-leaf vase decoration is hand-modelling, bold and free, as is also the beautiful floral decoration of the vase next to it. The bowl and vase to the left of the page are charming examples of the underglaze porcelain decoration known in this country as "Bennett" ware—called after the artist, a graduate from the Doulton works, who introduced it here. The Luca Della Robbia and Bernard Palissy panels recently published in *The Art Amateur* are part of a series illustrating the history of ceramic art. The medallions on this page are characteristic examples of the classical designing and bold modelling of this class of Doulton work. Another and more important kind of artistic modelling is seen in the figure compositions in terra cotta, by Mr. George Tinworth, a matter of sufficient importance for us to refer to it, perhaps at length, at some future time.



RECENT EXAMPLES OF DOULTON POTTERY.

SALT GLAZED DECORATED STONEWARE AND PORCELAIN UNDERGLAZE. [SEE PAGE 67.]

DRAWN FROM THE OBJECTS BY A. E. PEACE.



A. E. Pearce. '82.

RECENT EXAMPLES OF DOULTON POTTERY.

SALT GLAZED STONEWARE, WITH SCRAFFITO DECORATION BY MISS HANNAH BARLOW, AND PÂTE-SUR-PÂTE DECORATION (BIRDS AND FLOWERS) BY MISS FLORENCE BARLOW. [SEE PAGE 67.]

DRAWN FROM THE OBJECTS BY A. E. PEARCE.

DECORATION & FURNITURE

THE LIGHTING AND DECORATION OF PICTURE GALLERIES.

PICTURE hanging has become one of the decorative arts about which all persons of refinement are supposed to know something nowadays. Whether the object be a modest pen-sketch, a sparkling water-color, or a substantial work in oil, the disposition of it on the wall may help or injure it, according as it may or may not be appropriately placed. The hanging, hardly less than the framing of a picture,

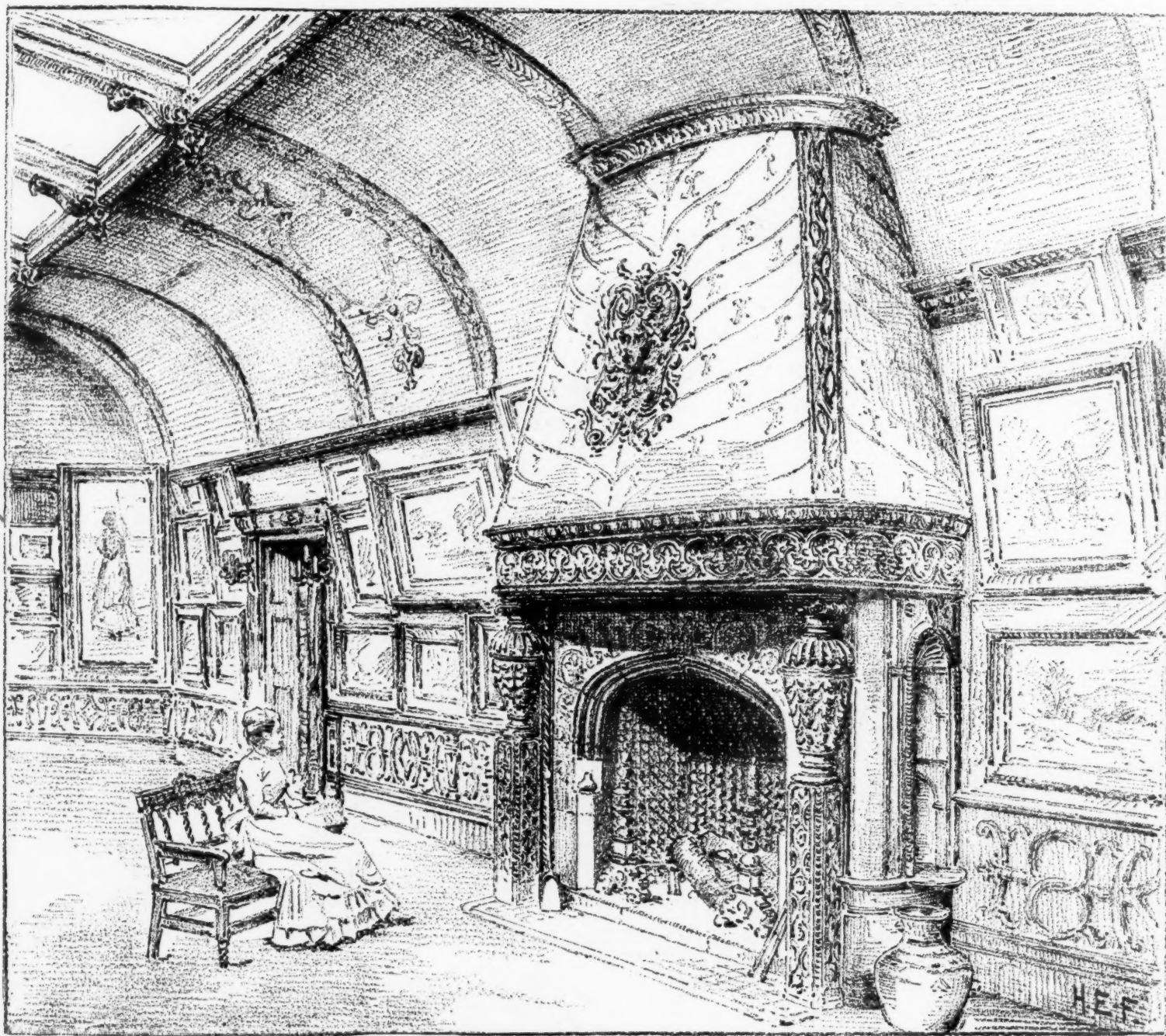
ter much what tint they hang upon. Good taste alone can dictate their grouping and arrangement. But when a picture in color is to be hung, the task becomes more serious, and demands a more discriminating intelligence and a nicer judgment.

The background must be chosen with a view to enhancing the attractions of the work suspended on it, the accessories in the way of furniture, carpets and tapestry must be selected with the same intent, and the light so managed as to bring out the full value of the picture.

Indeed, it is upon the latter point that the former ones

room requires a richer general scheme of preparation. Nor is it only the quantity of light, but the direction from which the light comes, and its liability to vary, which has to be considered.

There is in this city a dealer's gallery which probably presented some of the most formidable obstacles an architect could have to contend with. It is a square room, very lofty, and lighted by a skylight. The light is rendered cold and sharp by the height from which it falls and by the external surroundings of the building. Yet by the use of old-gold plush for the walls, such a cheerful aspect has been imparted to the gallery as one



THE NEW AMERICAN ART GALLERIES. VIEW OF THE UPPER PART OF THE PRINCIPAL GALLERY.

DRAWN BY THE ARCHITECT, H. EDWARDS FICKEN.

has much to do with the establishment of its value as a decorative object.

For works in black and white, such as engravings, etchings, drawings, photographs, and so on through the various branches of monochrome, the chief end to be attained is proper lighting. Given this, it does not mat-

depend, for the arrangement of a room in which pictures are to be hung is governed chiefly by the quantity and quality of the illumination available. A deep, dark parlor, lighted by only a small window, calls for a certain lighting which shall counteract the normal weakness of the light itself. A brilliantly illumined

would scarcely have supposed to have been possible. In this case the light is fixed and equable in quality, never brilliant, and often dull. The color of the wall brightens the room when the latter condition prevails, and it is never rendered aggressive by any burst of light.

The same architect not long ago decorated an artist's

studio in which the very opposite conditions prevailed. This apartment is roomy, and flooded with light from a huge north window. A problem here was to provide against an excess of light, not to augment a deficient illumination. By coloring the walls a deep, rich olive green, and tempering the light by canoping the window with a curtain supported on spears, the desired end was attained. In each of these cases the pictures hung are given an excellent relief, there are no elements of color in the walls which conflict with the painter's work, and the prevailing tone of the apartment harmonizes the light with which it is supplied.

The use of lighter wall coloring is to be recommended only under such conditions as have been indicated. No light color should be used which is likely to conflict with the pictures. Gray is a deadly tint, because it is bound to interfere with certain qualities inseparable from the painter's productions. Japanese gold leather paper, subdued by glazes of bitumen, has been utilized with excellent effect in a large room in the Lotos Club; but this background can be used only in apartments where sunlight seldom penetrates. Sunlight inevitably brings out the latent glow of the gold, and sets it in conflict with the frames, while it renders the background too brilliant for the pictures. With an evenly distributed electric light, or by gaslight, this Japanese leather paper is very effective.

For large or bright galleries olive green and maroon will probably never find substitutes. In Germany and in Europe generally olive green is quite a favorite wall color, and it has recently been used a good deal in this country; but it lacks the warmth and rich, temperate glow of maroon. The new American Art Galleries, which, in the opinion of the best critics, are probably unequalled and certainly are unsurpassed on this continent, afford an excellent example of the proper application of the principles which should be applied to the construction and lighting of picture galleries.

These spacious rooms are panelled in oak stained to the deep color of age, the doors being heavily grained in the same. The paneling and general ornamentation are broad and simple in treatment. The walls are maroon—or, strictly speaking, two or three shades lighter than maroon: somewhat too bright in our opinion—and the cove above it a light

chocolate brown, touched with gold here and there, just enough to break the monotony, without doing violence

to the eye. It is enough to say that the color is harmonious and sets off to the best advantage the pictures on the walls, giving warmth without hotness, the brightest daylight being nicely held in balance by the sober richness of the general effect.

The illumination of the larger galleries is derived at night from gas side-lights, in the smaller galleries from rows of centre-lights, the fixtures being deprived of the rigid ugliness of gas-pipes generally by graceful and delicate ornamentation in wrought iron. The architect of the galleries, Mr. H. Edwards Ficken, has provided against the excessive heat, seemingly almost inseparable from brilliant lighting by gas, by an admirable system of ventilation through the skylights and at the angles of the rooms. Ventilation is a consideration generally overlooked in the construction of a picture gallery. The older galleries the world over are very defective in this respect, and when they are crowded are only saved from being absolutely untenable by their vastness and height.

The use of the electric light might overcome some of the inconveniences of defective ventilation; but the time apparently has not come yet when a satisfactory service can be depended on. The Lotos Club has it in use in its parlors; but so little dependence can be placed upon it that the gas service is also retained, and it comes in very opportunely sometimes when the electric light gently fades away, and it becomes necessary to light the gas to discover it; or when, as happened recently during a picture exhibition and "Ladies' Day" at the Lotos Club, the electric light went out altogether, and left the guests in total darkness. Yet, sooner or later,

we suppose, the system will be perfected, and the new method of illumination will be adopted in art galleries. In the meanwhile gas, by the use of proper reflectors, can be made to afford satisfactory illumination without detracting from the mellowness of the effect of the painter's work, which the cold electric light certainly does.

Besides the general decoration of the picture-gallery, the accessory decoration must be taken into account, and the intelligent consideration of the details of this is absolutely essential to the production of the desired



THE NEW AMERICAN ART GALLERIES. THE STAIRCASE.

DRAWN BY THE ARCHITECT, H. EDWARDS FICKEN.

to the eye. The prevailing color of the carpet is a rich and quiet brown, the mass being broken by a small and

left the guests in total darkness. Yet, sooner or later,



THE NEW AMERICAN ART GALLERIES. ONE OF THE SMALLER ROOMS.

DRAWN BY THE ARCHITECT, H. EDWARDS FICKEN.

unobtrusive pattern of a lighter shade. Of the other accessories, of furniture—the plainest—and of window and door-hangings, it is not necessary to speak in detail.

harmony of effect. The disposition of statuary is practically a part of the decorative portion of the work, and the breaking of the monotony of a long gallery by the

introduction of growing plants has also much to do in producing a general satisfactory result. It is always understood, however, that such objects can only be suitably used in galleries of good size. Placing them in small rooms not only occupies valuable space, but dwarfs the pictures. A marble statue in a small room will, by the contrast of its pallor, darken everything about it; and while it makes its surroundings sombre, it is made harsh itself by the reaction of the very effect it produces on them. In a spacious, well-lighted gallery, however, it receives justice, and if properly placed it does not injure anything else. Bronze and terra-cotta can be made to harmonize anywhere, and their disposition in any room is only a question of size and space. Plants have no proper place indoors save where room and light are abundant. Oriental porcelains and similar bric-a-brac can also be used in the embellishment of the picture-gallery, but no objects should be brought into contrast with paintings which offer any violent differences to them in color or tone. The pictures will establish a harmony of their own, and whatever accessories you may employ in the further decoration of the gallery must be selected with a distinct view to their fitness, and made to contribute intrinsically and through their appropriateness to the symmetry and beauty of the whole.

There is one point which should never be overlooked in the construction of a gallery—that is, the avoidance of a sky line. It is against common-sense to place pictures so that they cannot be seen. The hanging wall, therefore, should be measured only to a reasonable height. However, the hanging and the framing of pictures offer a subject for discussion by themselves, too important to be restricted by the dimensions of this article.

The simpler and scantier the furniture of a gallery is, the better. Centre seats, from which the larger works can be advantageously studied, should be placed at judicious distances from the wall. They should be constructed and upholstered in conformity with the prevailing feeling of the gallery. They are for use, not for show. Chairs should be selected with a similar view to their fitness as parts of the whole. In all stages of the construction and furnishing of a gallery, it should be borne in mind that the purpose is to provide a home for certain works of art and facilities looking to the proper appreciation of them. They are all important, and all steps taken must be with a view to displaying them at their best. A collection of good pictures will better receive justice in a bare shed properly lighted, than in the most magnificent drawing-room where a jumble of inappropriate objects and an antagonistic splendor of decoration and furnishing conflict with them, and call attention from them at every turn.

Notes on Decoration.

THERE is no greater check to the healthful growth of art knowledge and artistic taste in this country, at the present time, than in the vitiating system of contract decoration, which now controls the most important undertakings carried out here. There are many sincere, honest and talented workers, whose labors are all for the best, and who are constantly active in practically advancing their art; but their work is modest in its extent, and little known to the public. The important work—that which comes most under the public eye, and is most potential in its magnitude—is given into the control of men whose incompetency is only offset by their control of the capital, which is now necessary in the costly business decoration has grown to be in this country.

HERE is a firm which makes a business of interior decoration. Its members are business men who have invested a certain amount of capital in their enterprise, not for love of art or from a desire to advance it, but merely to earn a larger profit than they can see in other kinds of business, where the field is overcrowded. They may have some ideas on art, though, as a rule, they have none whatever. At any rate, those they have are entirely superficial. Of art education—that primal necessity to the decorator—they have none. They manage their business on a business basis, relying on a foreman to provide all the art necessary to it. This foreman is a competent man. If he were not, he could not hold his place. But he is working for wages, and for those wages he is expected to consider, first, the interests of the house—those of his art afterward. He is looked to to provide a "good job," for in contract decoration art

becomes a mere job, like that of the bricklayer or the plasterer, who prepares the house to be embellished. But he must consider that job, not from the standpoint of an artist, willing to do the very best he can within his means, but from that of an employé paid to carry work through at the very lowest cost decent work will admit of, so as to net the greatest gain to his employers. The conscientious decorator often carves very deeply into the legitimate profits of his commission, in order to do himself the greater justice, because in giving his patron the very best, he is making a reputation for himself and satisfying his artistic conscience. The contract decorator is never guilty of any such weakness. When the work is "good enough," it is done. There is no such thing as cumulative perfection to him.

SUCH a house as I take for illustration—and there are many like it that could be readily named—secures a contract for the decoration of, say a great hotel. The sum appropriated for this purpose is large, and the proprietors demand the very best. They probably have some ideas of their own which must be considered, but in the main the discretion of the decorator is unhampered. So much money is to be paid for a certain work, which is to be performed in a specified time, or sooner, if the contractor so chooses. The contract made, the foreman, art expert, or whatever else he may be called, is consulted. He is usually given a limited price for the work in bulk, with the understanding that it is to be completed for as much less as possible. Then comes the process of cheapening. He makes his contract for material, he hires men—workmen by the day or week, at workmen's wages—always with a view to keeping within his allowance. He may, perhaps, give a few of the most salient and important decorations to artists of independent standing, but he will not if he can help it, for such work is costly. The labor of decoration begins, and is advanced, not as a fine art, but as a mere mechanical performance. The minimum of thought is given to it. No study is wasted over the appropriateness, the originality, or the intrinsic merit of the general design or the details which make it up. No costlier labor is employed than can be avoided. It is a "job," in short, and a "job" it is when it is done. The stencil does the work of the hand. The hand of the painter replaces the brain and eye of the artist. A design for a frieze or a cornice is selected, not because it belongs where it is put, but because it looks well enough there. As in the painting, so in all the details of the work, superficial effect is all that is striven for. The cabinet work is carved and set up, the bargain tapestries hung, the metal work made a show of, the windows filled with glass of some sort, the floors are covered, and the whole performance turned over in the end—a mass of heartless, speculative splendor, as gorgeous and as vulgar as money and bad taste can make it—and advertised in the newspapers as an eighth wonder of the world. The greater the opportunity for splendid and consistent work, the greater the profit also, and, therefore, the more worthy the attention of the speculator. "The most show for the least money," is the trade cry before which art flies, leaving the audacious ingenuity of charlatanism to supply her place. The result is, that, while the artist finds an outlet for his art only in places to which the public has no access, and can, therefore, only teach his lessons to a limited circle, the tradesman holds the public eye, and perpetuates, with his vulgarities and barbarisms, the ignorance and bad taste which wiser and less selfish men are striving so hard to overcome.

It is this system which plants a French château at the corner of a fashionable avenue in New York, and places a moat around it, as if it were a feudal castle; which sets up in our variable and essentially northern climate the villas of Italy and of Spain, where the sun never ceases to shine; which covers walls with broken glass and bottle bottoms, to simulate the coarse splendor in which some cheap North African monarch revels in gaudy bankruptcy; which gives us hotels that might be barracks, and private houses in which we cannot live without experiencing the sensation of the poor little rich man's daughter, who recently asked, after a week's probation in the depressing splendors of the Gothic dining-room, "Mamma, must we always eat in church?"

WHILE in Washington recently I visited the White House to see the new decorations by Louis C. Tiffany. The work is a great disappointment. Trifling and small in its general scheme, and utterly unrepresentative of the

traditions of the place, it shows a total absence of serious thought or feeling. This, in one of our most conspicuous national buildings, is much to be deplored, for such work must inevitably have bad influence with the indiscriminating public, who will be inclined to accept it, from its very prominence, as all that is to be desired. An artist of Mr. Tiffany's ability one might reasonably have hoped would have gladly availed himself of the excellent opportunity afforded to leave at the National Capital a leading example of what is good, and desirable in the decoration of so important a place as the residence of the head of the Republic.

In the entrance hall, the old ground-glass screen dividing it into a public and private hall has been replaced by stained glass—presumably Mr. Tiffany's—large and coarse in color and design, of a nondescript character. Surely, such a simple problem might have been worked out with something in perforated woodwork, covered with silk, which would have had dignity and character, especially at night. As it is, with gaslight on either side, the effect of the glass is lost, and only the coarseness of the design is shown by the leading. By day the glass only shows from the side generally shut off from the visiting public, and the dead side, facing the main entrance, has the same coarse feeling as at night on both sides.

In the East Room the woodwork of white and gold is left untouched, Mr. Tiffany decorating the ceiling and side-walls. The room retains also its old crystal chandeliers, mirrors and other fixtures, which now give it the character of a charming old French marquise arrayed in a modern fancy dress. The ceiling is an imitation of Moorish mosaic inlay, in which silver predominates, and jangles the room out of tone. In general character it is similar to Mr. Tiffany's work in the hall of the Union League Club here, but the detail is lost in the perspective of the room, and what was intended to be large, effective massings of fine work in spots becomes mere blurred disks of tarnished silver. A gray paper covers the walls, its design being, I hope, an unintentional imitation of tufted texture, but it is unmistakably so in its effect, gold dots seeming to represent gilt-headed nails holding the tufting in place. It looks cheap.

THE Blue Room has been re-decorated without the slightest regard to the quaint old white marble-columned mantelpiece, old gilt-framed mirror and candelabra. The walls are in an intensely vivid blue, slightly green in tone, with opalescent glass plaques in semi-Moorish design for backgrounds to the side-lights, the leading showing in its natural color, and, I suppose, intended to follow out the scheme of the silver appliqué ornaments on the ceiling. These are laid on a ground set off in squares like oil-cloth, alternating in light green and a steely blue, a stencil of the American shield being carried out over all in endless repetition. Imagine the effect of all this with the mellow, time-worn gilt on the mantel candelabra and mirror! And still further, imagine the effect of light sickly green opaque glass tiles set round the fire-place opening, in Mr. Tiffany's favorite manner, in the old white marble mantel!

WHAT is known as the Red Room is really refreshing in its quiet and harmonious coloring below the line of the frieze, for here Mr. Tiffany has seemed to have done himself justice; but above that point his imagination again runs riot. The walls are in a low-toned terra-cotta, with a dado of dark red, which takes up the general color of the new mahogany mantelpiece. The weakness of the decoration on the ceiling and frieze is disheartening, and one turns for relief from the border of Stars and Stripes, in its trivial and undignified use, to the quiet color below, without stopping to analyze the ceiling in a semi-Moorish treatment again.

In the State dining-room there is such a frank admission of even attempt to do anything, that criticism is disarmed. The walls are of light buff, the woodwork is a shade darker, and the frieze, with a motive of stars, is out of all key with the old gilt mirrors, cornices and white marble mantels at the ends of the rooms. One leaves the building with a feeling of thorough disappointment that such a glorious opportunity has been so wasted. Can Mr. Tiffany really be personally responsible for this dismal failure, or did he leave the work to some callow subordinate?

ARCHITECT.

Art Needlework.

THE ART OF EMBROIDERY.

IV.

TAPESTRY work is the modern name for the kind of embroidery classed by Dr. Rock as the ancient "opus pulvinarium," or cushion-stitch. Its peculiarity, as distinguished from ordinary embroidery, is that it is worked on canvas, the threads of which regulate the length and the direction of the stitches, which have, therefore, always a somewhat mechanical exactness, and can easily be imitated by machinery. In the ancient specimens of this work, as well as in the modern Turkish examples, the canvas used is merely a coarse, loosely-woven, hand-made linen. Although there is a certain amount of regularity about the number of threads over which the stitches are taken, there is none of that mechanical exactness which work done on the modern canvas presents, and which is of itself a very great detractor from its artistic excellence. This modern canvas came into use with the introduction of machinery into weaving, and it had the most serious effect in lowering hand-tapestry to the wretched state which caused a reaction among all persons of educated taste a few years ago—a reaction so sweeping in its results that not only did "Berlin wool work," as it was called, become a thing of which its possessors were ashamed, and which was rigidly expelled from all houses with any pretensions to good style, but the very stitch fell into disrepute, and to this day cross-stitch is looked on with disfavor, as only fit for little out-of-the-way country towns and people of a very humble class.

An attempt was made a few years ago to revive it in the toilet-covers and table-linen largely executed in Germany; but the decorative work which comes to us from that country is rarely marked by any artistic merit; and although some of the cross-stitch work copied from old examples was very pretty, it was as mechanical as possible. And being immediately imitated by machinery with such perfection that it was sometimes impossible to distinguish it from hand labor, the latter naturally fell into discredit, and is now only practised as "fancy-work" by idle ladies, who have time to kill in one way or another, as a necessity of their daily lives.

There is, however, not the smallest reason why needle-tapestry should be condemned as inartistic; and its superiority in resistance to wear and tear is such as to make it most suitable for chair-seats and cushions, kneelers and pede mats for church use, and, in fact, for any purpose where the embroidery is likely to be subjected to much hard usage.

Before proceeding to describe the stitches, it may be remarked that if a coarse linen can be found sufficiently even in its weaving, it would be well to use it, after the worker has gained sufficient experience to work evenly on it; and that if modern canvas is used at all, it should be as soft as possible, and woven in even threads—never, by any means, making use of that which is woven with a thick woof and divided into groups of two or three threads, called "Penelope canvas." The illustration of cross-stitches given herewith will show the kind of canvas that should be used.

Tent-stitch, which is the simplest form of canvas work, is formed by carrying the thread, as it comes from beneath, over a single cross of the warp and woof of the canvas (A). Many of the ancient pieces of work are wholly executed in tent-stitch, and it was much used for the finer portions of cushion embroidery. Worked on the old coarse linen canvas, it was always a little uneven. Some very fine specimens are found of the time of the Stuarts and of Queen Elizabeth in richness over ordinary cross-stitch will at once become apparent. Even for ordinary work on linen this stitch should be used in preference to the other; but for tapestry, to be used for chair or stool covers, cushions and the like, there is no comparison to be made between the two methods.

Ordinary cross-stitch (B) is begun in the same way as tent, and the thread is then carried across in an opposite direction over the first stitch, forming a cross. There are several ways of working cross-stitch. It may be worked from right to left, or from left to right, or in a direction up and down. In any case, the cross is the same, but a considerable difference will be observed in the appearance of the stitches consequent on the direction of the crossing stitch, which is, of course, uppermost. It would be well to try the different effect of these stitches in practice, as a great deal depends on it in working cross-stitch artistically.

A careful comparison of an example of old cross-stitch with some of the debased work fashionable thirty years ago, and known as Berlin wool work, will show that in the latter mere mechanical evenness is aimed at. The work is done in long rows of stitches, all carefully crossed in the same direction. In fact, it was customary, when this work was at its lowest ebb, to carry a long thread of the wool along the surface of the canvas, and work a tent-stitch across it, so as to produce the effect, without the trouble, of cross-stitch. At the best, a long row of tent-stitches was worked in one direction, and then a row of stitches crossing them. In the old work each stitch is worked separately and completed at once. A trial of these two methods of working cross-stitch will best show the superiority of the old method, as it is difficult to realize in any other way. In practice, however, it makes all the difference between hand and machine work, and between intelligent and unintelligent decoration.

Persian cross-stitch (C) is formed by taking the worsted or silk with which you are working across two or more threads of the canvas in one direction, and crossing the stitch thus made by carrying it back over one thread only of the canvas. The principle is, that in place of the stitch, when finished, being a St. Andrew's

cross, with four equal rays, like ordinary cross-stitch, the cross is always at the extremity of the stitch; and after a little has been worked in this way, the effect produced is that of a plait. Much of the ancient Persian work, and almost, if not all, the Turkish, is worked from left to right. In this form (D) it is simply herring-bone stitch, which has already been described. On referring to the illustration, it will be seen that there are two distinct lines of little crosses—one at each end of the stitch. Persian cross-stitch may be worked either from left to right or from right to left.

One or two varieties of this stitch should be tried in masses before any piece of decorative work is attempted. Its superiority in

worker. Considerable differences may be made in the effect by using thick strands of wool and silk. In E 1 the stitch is worked in a direction away from the embroiderer, or exactly the contrary way to seamstress' feather-stitch, already described. Supposing a light pencil line to be marked on the material, so as to keep the centre straight, a long stitch is taken alternately to right and left of the pencil line in an ascending direction, always keeping the thread on the inside of the needle—that is, on the side next the centre line. In E 2 the long sloping stitch is crossed by a small stitch in the centre. It is made by working from right to left, taking the long stitch first, and bringing the needle up about the centre of it, a little to the left. The point of the needle is then inserted at an equal distance on the right-hand side of the long stitch, and is brought out again on the same level as the last long stitch, but slightly to the left. In these stitches, if worked on linen, or on any plain material, it will be necessary to mark two parallel lines, so as to keep the width even, unless the eye of the embroiderer be remarkably accurate, or the threads of the woof are sufficiently distinct to act as a guide. In E 3 the stitch is worked exactly as the preceding one, except that there is a double cross—that is to say, the small crossing stitches are taken at each end of the long stitch in place of in the centre. In E 4 the cross-stitch is placed at one end of the long stitch.

L. HIGGIN.

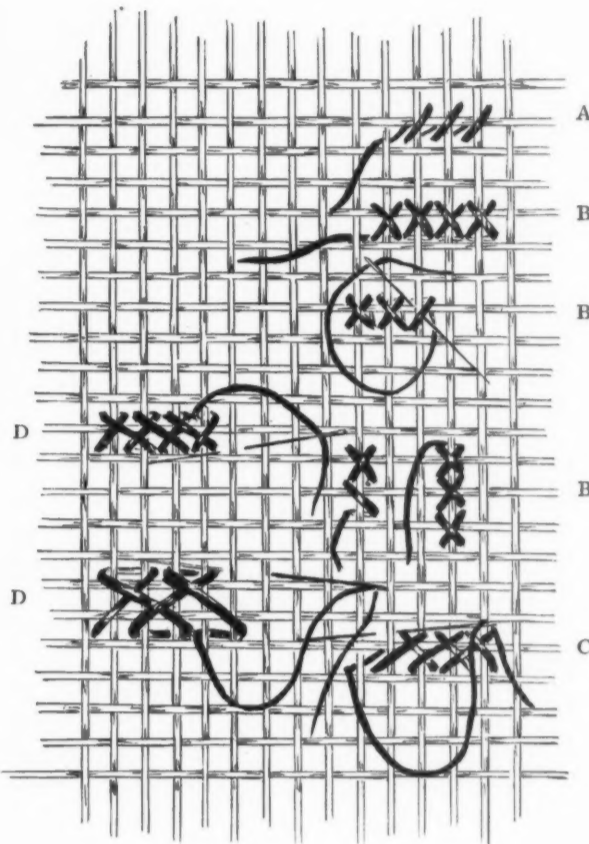


FIG. 14. TENT AND CROSS STITCHES.

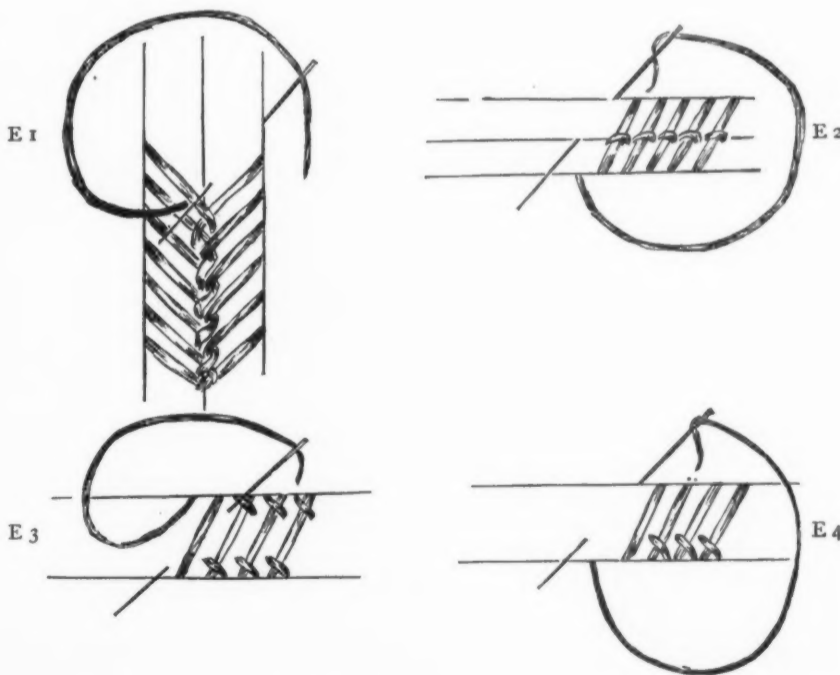


FIG. 15. FANCY CROSS-STITCHES.

There are many fancy kinds of tapestry stitches which may be used in solid embroidery, after the Persian style, but will, perhaps, be found most useful as filling stitches for old English outline work, or for ornamental borders. Of these some illustrations are given, but they may be almost infinitely varied by a clever

worker. Several sheets of blotting paper of various colors. A handsome bow of satin ribbon fastens them together. On the outside is drawn, in pen and ink, or painted in water-color, some pretty design, such as one of the charming little cupids by Boucher, which have been running through *The Art Amateur* recently. Those in

Correspondence.

REVIVING AN OLD OIL-PAINTING.

SIR: Can the tone of a finished oil-painting be altered by glazing or otherwise? I have a small landscape (painted some time ago) in which the colors are dull and cold, giving the picture a dead flat look, although there is no lack of shadow in it. If there is any way of warming and brightening the colors I should be glad to know it. I should also like to know whether it will darken the picture?

H. P. S., Niagara Falls.

If the picture has not been already varnished, it can be glazed without any trouble. The surface must first be wiped off with a rag dipped in clean water, and when the surface is dry a flat bristle brush dipped in oil is passed all over it, and the oil is then rubbed in with a clean rag. Next, mix well a little yellow ochre with poppy oil, and apply it with the same brush, rubbing it thoroughly into the painting. The color should be further rubbed in with the fingers. This will warm the whole tone of the picture, without materially darkening it.

GLAZING WITH BITUMEN.

SIR: In the November number of *The Art Amateur* you tell how an eminent painter harmonized his skies: "After painting them in solid color, and allowing them to become thoroughly dry, he glazes them with bitumen, which he rubs off, till no vestige of it is observable, with an oily rag." Will you tell me what is meant by glaze in the above quotation? Is it simply the paint much diluted with oil?

H. P. S., Niagara Falls.

You seem to be in some doubt about the meaning of the term "glazing." It consists of mixing a transparent pigment with a medium of oil or varnish and applying it over an opaque color on the canvas. It should only be done with colors known to be permanent. The method of some artists referred to, of glazing with bitumen, should not be attempted by students and amateurs, as it is not recommended or taught in the regular methods of painting. Bitumen is considered an unsafe color, which turns black in time. Artists who have arrived at a certain standing have, of course, a right to adopt any eccentric or original methods which seem good to them. There is no advantage in copying any mannerism of this sort, of which an imitator would be sure to get all the bad effects without the advantages, which may be known only to the originator through personal experiment.

"MAROUFLÉ."

SIR: What is the "Marouflé" process of mural painting?

H. T., Boston.

It is not a process of mural painting. The term simply applies to the mounting of decorative canvases, which, instead of being stretched on frames, are pasted to the wall with some strongly adhesive substance. The back of the canvas is thus protected from damp, and the canvas itself protects the plaster.

HAND-PAINTED "FAVORS."

MRS. T. F. J., Lake Geneva, Wis.—Among new designs for lunch favors that are home-made and inexpensive are pocket pin-cushions in the shape of animals' heads, especially those of the cat and pug dog. Two pieces of cardboard are cut out in the proper shape, with a piece of flannel between; these are then covered with silk, satin or velvet, on which is painted, with opaque water-color, the features of the animal selected. This should be done in a simple and decorative way, without much detail or finish. Another favor for gentlemen is a blotter cut in some fantastic shape, such as an owl, a leaf or a fan. The outside is made of stiff water-color paper; inside are several sheets of blotting paper of various colors. A handsome bow of satin ribbon fastens them together. On the outside is drawn, in pen and ink, or painted in water-color, some pretty design, such as one of the charming little cupids by Boucher, which have been running through *The Art Amateur* recently. Those in

the December number playing musical instruments would be just what is wanted. Other favors for gentlemen are card-cases of silk or leather decorated by hand with monograms or designs.

For ladies, at a recent lunch party, were pretty handkerchief bags, made of alternate broad stripes of delicate canary-colored and ruby satin ribbon; on this was embroidered or painted a vine of wild clematis, with small white flowers running half way around, beginning at the top and carried diagonally across toward the bottom. This was finished with a large bow of ruby satin at the top. Another pretty idea for a home-made gift was a small fan made of white pigeon feathers sewed firmly to a foundation, which was covered with satin. The feathers overlapped, and were kept in place by a white ribbon on the wrong side, which about midway was glued to the feathers. On the right side was painted a spray of apple blossoms, and the handle was tied with a bow of pale pink satin ribbon.

CANOPY FOR AN OLD "FOUR-POST" BED.

SIR: I have an old four-post bedstead of solid carved mahogany, which was part of my mother's wedding outfit. It has not been used for a long time, and I would like to set it up again, but do not know how to arrange anything for the top of the posts. I object to curtains, as I consider them unhealthy. What sort of a canopy and what materials could I have?

C. A. G., Nashua, Iowa.

The canopy may be made of quiet-colored cretonne or English chintz, stretched over the surface or plaited evenly from a button centre. A valance with plaited edging, quite full, should hang all round from twelve to fifteen inches deep. To support the canopy flat, lath-like rods—say two inches wide—should cross diagonally from post to post. To support the valance iron rods a quarter of an inch diameter, running from post to post, are best.

THE USE OF ANDIRONS.

SIR: Is it in good or bad taste to use brass andirons under grate bars where one burns coal? I ask this, as my taste has been questioned in doing so.

T. H. H., Connerville, Ind.

Strictly speaking, they should only be used to support the grate; but massive brass andirons are so decorative before a blazing fire, that, for our own part, we do not hesitate to use them with an iron basket-grate.

SUNDY QUERIES ANSWERED.

L. S., Kokono, Ind.—Instructions for lustra painting were given in *The Art Amateur*, Nov., 1883.

VERASOIE, Houston, Texas.—Silk rag curtains are satisfactorily woven by John Ryan, 83 Bowery, New York. Gold threads mingled with the silk produce a brilliant effect.

H. C. L., Chicago, should write to Mrs. H. H. Ayer, 120 W. 13th St., New York, who makes a specialty of furnishing houses and making purchases on commission. She is both competent and responsible.

C. A., Waltham, Mass.—In any country where international copyright law prevails, it would be necessary to have the permission of the author. No such law prevails here. The book you mention, however, has already been dramatized with the consent of the author, and the right to the play and the title, having been transferred by him, as property, to an American

manager, could not be infringed without a fight in the courts, which, in such cases, we have noticed, generally protect the representative of the foreign author. Your inquiry, we may add, is hardly within the scope of this magazine.

AN inquirer is informed that Hancock & Son's Worcester moist water-colors for painting on china, paper, silk, etc., comprise more than sixty different tints. The statement of a contributor, limiting them to "about twenty," was an error.

H. G. H., Pine Bluff, Ark.—(1) In December we published in miniature a design for mirror decoration, which will be given full size in *The Art Amateur* at an early date. (2) Prussian blue is a fugitive color. Use ultramarine or Antwerp blue.

B. S., Boston.—With the following palette of nine pigments, with proper use, the artist can do almost anything: white, black, yellow ochre, strontian yellow, vermilion, rose madder, ultramarine, emerald oxide of chromium, cappagh brown.

W. J. DUARDORFF, Kansas City, asks us to recommend him some work treating on wall-paper decoration. "What Shall we do with Our Walls?" by Clarence Cook, published by Warren, Fuller & Lange, 129 E. 42d St., is an excellent little treatise on the subject.

W. H. P., Tallow, Ireland, writes: "I have some Indian amber beads. Can they be used in any way for decorating a room?" Amber beads of good size are very effective suspended loosely from the cross bands of curtains or portières, or arranged in simple festoons on a mantel lambrequin. They also make a good edging for plush sofa cushions.

"READER," St. Joseph, writes: "What is the most appropriate permanent library binding for *The Art Amateur*? I desire that it shall be plain, elegant, and specially adapted to service. Should the outside covers and advertising sheets be included? and how can one preserve the supplements? How should the edges of the bound volume be finished?" We would recommend "half morocco." The advertising pages of a magazine are not, as a rule, included in the binding. The supplement sheets are inserted at the end of each number. The edges are cut and gilded at the top only, as protection from dust on the shelf. The Trow Bookbinding Company (Third Avenue and Twelfth St., New York) bind a great many volumes of *The Art Amateur* for subscribers, and keep special dies for stamping the titles.

ARTISTIC ANATOMY.

ABOUT three years ago, in noticing the volume on "Artistic Anatomy," by Professor Mathias Duval, in the admirable "Bibliothèque de l'enseignement des Beaux Arts" series, imported by Mr. J. W. Bouton, we expressed the hope that this excellent little treatise might find an English translator. The translator has been found in Dr. Frederick E. Fenton, and the publishers in Cassell & Co., who have brought the book out in much better form than the original, with large type and good paper, as the first of a series to be called "The Fine Art Library," to be edited by John C. L. Sparkes, Principal of the National Art Training School, South Kensington Museum. Professor Duval intends this summary of anatomy "for those artists who, having commenced their special studies, have drawn the human form either from the antique or from the living model—who, in a word, have already what may be termed a general idea of forms, attitudes and movements." His method of teaching treats rather by synthesis than analysis. Instead of going deeply into a description of the exterior forms—as most teachers are inclined to do—he prefers to make the student understand thoroughly the anatomical reasons

for those forms. The translation is well done, giving us as the result the best practical treatise on the subject in the English language.

TREATMENT OF SUPPLEMENT DESIGNS.

PLATE 413.—Design for a dessert-plate—"Asters"—the third of the series of twelve by I. B. S. N. Use deep golden violet for purple asters, shading with the same. A very little deep blue can be added where a pale bluish tint is preferred. For the pale pink flowers use carmine delicately. Shade with the same, and paint the centre of the blossom with orange yellow shaded with brown green. Use mixing yellow with grass green for the calyxes and stems, and add a little deep blue to grass green for the leaves. Shade with brown green, and outline with deep purple and brown No. 17.

Plate 414.—Design for a panel or double tile—"Wisteria." The background would look well in a pale wash of brown No. 3 mixed with a little carnation and mixing yellow. Vary the proportion while mixing to get pleasing effects. Put on this color with a broad brush in blended strokes, darker at the top of the panel and quite delicate toward the bottom of it. The foliage is very tender when the wisteria is in bloom. To get this effect, mix sepia with grass green; add occasionally a little purple for the back of the leaf, and put in the shadows with brown green and a little purple added. Make the leaf stems of sepia and green, the main stem of brown No. 17, shaded with a little purple. The flowers are lilac in tone. For this tint, mix carmine and blue, keeping the color deeper in the red than the blue, as carmine fires out somewhat. Keep just the centres or openings of the full-blown flowers white, then begin with a delicate brush stroke, drawing the color firmly to the edges. The lower petals are deeper in color than the upper ones, and the outside of the upper petals is paler than the inside. Just touch the centres of the flowers with a pale wash of chrome green and mixing yellow. The buds are deeper in color than the flowers. The calyx and flower stems should be painted in brown green, with a little purple added. Outline all the veins of the leaves and the lines in the buds and flowers in the same purple-brown color used for outlining all the work.

Plate 415.—Panel of carved walnut from a sideboard ornamented with marquetry, mother-of-pearl and marbles of different colors. French work of about 1550, ascribed to Bachelier of Toulouse. Drawn from the original in the South Kensington Museum by Camille Piton.

Plate 416.—Designs and suggestions for jewellers' use.

Plate 417.—Design for a blotter from the Royal School of Art Needlework at South Kensington. Also suitable for repoussé brass work.

Plate 418.—Orphrey of a chasuble, in crimson velvet, embroidered with colored silk and gold thread. Spanish work of about 1540. Drawn from the original in the South Kensington Museum by Camille Piton.

Plate 419.—Name of the Virgin Mary, crowned. Spanish work of about 1540.

Plate 420.—Design for a picture mount, from the Royal School of Art Needlework at South Kensington.

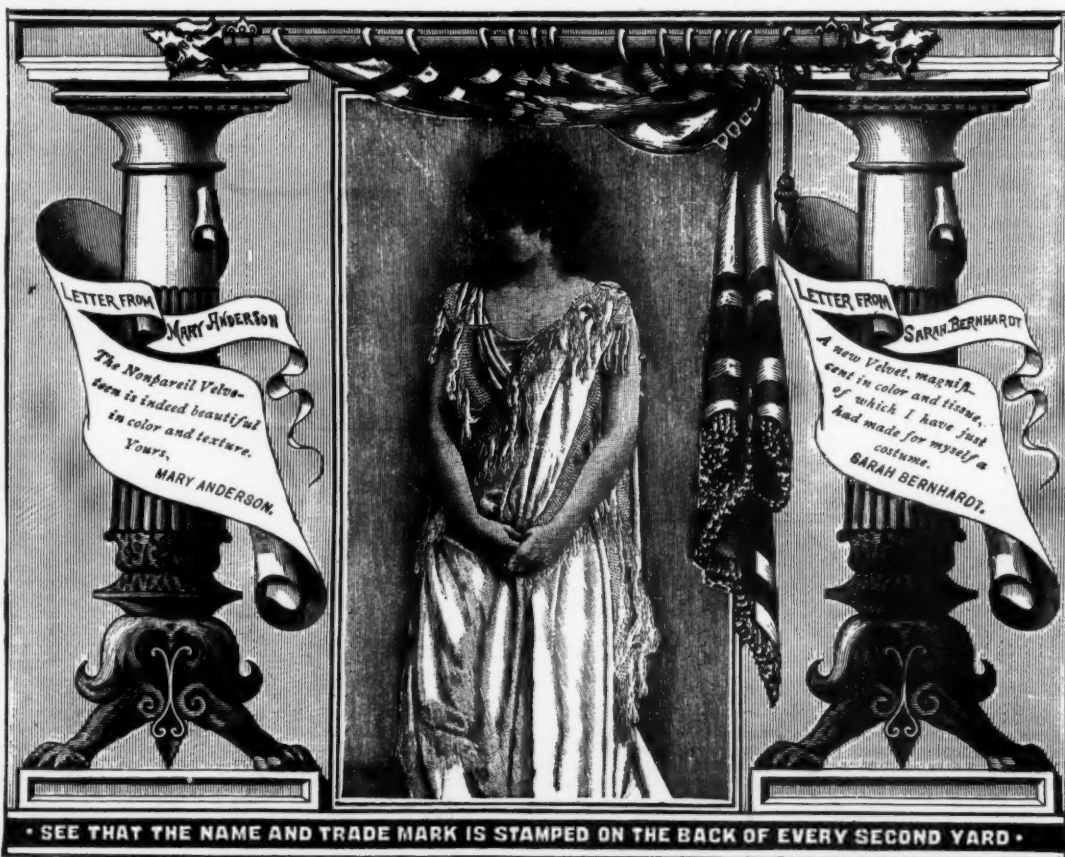
Plate 421.—Humorous designs for doilies—"Signs of the Zodiac." First six of a series of twelve, from the Royal School of Art Needlework at South Kensington.

THE NONPAREIL VELVETEEN

Received the only medals awarded at the International Exhibition Amsterdam 1883 and L'Academie Nationale de France 1884.

THIS charming material unites all the qualities which enable any lady to-day to dress simply, naturally, tastefully, and inexpensively. Owing to its intrinsic richness, and being full of what artists call "quality," it is better suited than any other material for a tight-fitting dress. Being so luxurious in itself it can dispense with bows and trimmings, and the more simply it is made the more unrivalled it is in richness and repose. It has its own peculiar characteristic folds—they are not angular like the folds of silk, but wonderfully soft, ample, and flowing, lending a queenly grace and dignity to the figure, and adapting themselves to every curve of the body.

To be obtained at Retail from every First-Class House in America.



ANOTHER quality peculiar to the "Nonpareil" Velveteen is, that while it is lighter and healthier than many other fabrics of which indoor costumes are made, it at the same time makes a walking dress suitable for almost any season. The "pile" of the "Nonpareil" Velveteen acts as a strong protective against cold, in the same manner as the fur of animals.

During the last decade ladies have dressed better than they ever did before; they have dressed more in obedience to sanitary laws and more in accordance with the Greek appreciation of the beauty of the human figure. They have now to facilitate them, in the cultivation of truth and beauty in costume, the charming and, at the same time, economical fabric known throughout the civilized world as the "Nonpareil" Velveteen.

Wholesale Trade ONLY supplied by the Agents Shaen & Fithian, New York.

Supplement to The Art Amateur.

Vol. XII. No. 4. March, 1885.



PLATE 422.—DESIGN FOR A PLAQUE. Also Suitable for a Round Fan.

By M. LOUISE McLAUGHLIN.

(For directions for treatment, see page 96.)

Supplement to The Art Amateur.

Vol. XII. No. 4. March, 1885.



PLATE 423.—DESIGN FOR A DESSERT PLATE. "*Carnations.*"

THE FOURTH OF A SERIES OF TWELVE. By I. B. S. N.

(For directions for treatment, see page 96.)

Supplement to The Art Amateur.

Vol. XII. No. 4. March, 1885.

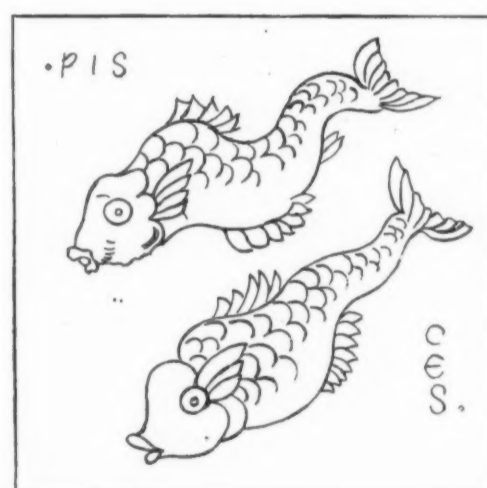
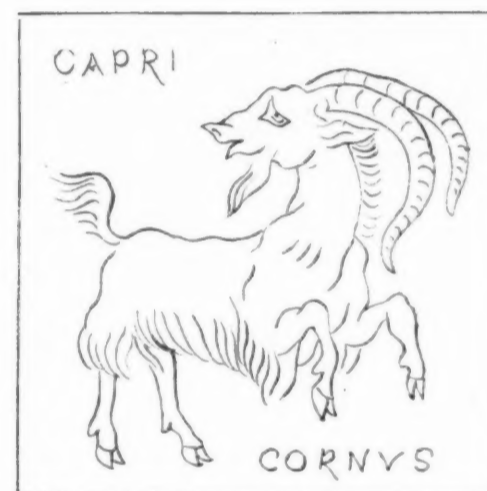
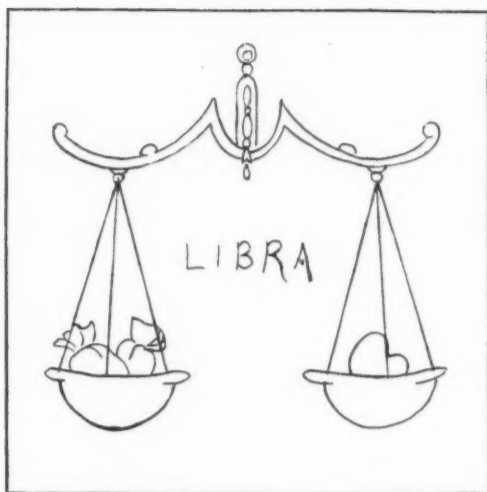


PLATE 424.—HUMOROUS DESIGNS FOR DOILIES. "Signs of the Zodiac."
SECOND SIX OF A SERIES OF TWELVE. FROM THE ROYAL SCHOOL OF ART NEEDLEWORK AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.

Supplement to The Art Amateur.

Vol. XII. No. 4. March, 1885.



PLATE 425.—REPOUSSE BORDER. *Sixteenth Century Flemish Work.*
FROM A GILT COPPER PLATE IN THE CLUNY MUSEUM.





Published by THE ART INTERCHANGE Co.

HAULING TH

Supplement to THE ART INTERCHANGE





R. ANDERSON, Etcher.

LING THE LINE

to THE ART INTERCHANGE of March 12th, 1885.

